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CHARGE OF THE 7TH LIGHT DRAGOONS AT CORUNNA.

From the original Painting in the possession of Mr. Frederic Foster.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Now that the Election is over, the purveyors of information find space again in the newspapers to move about in. The place they are exploiting just now is Hungary, a long way off, but by no means ill-adapted on that account for their purpose. At Zsonbolga a Mr. and Mrs. Szathmar, a happy couple whose combined ages are 233 years, have been celebrating the completion of a century of married life. One has heard of silver weddings and golden weddings and diamond weddings, but this tops them all; it may be called a platina wedding. It is something to be congratulated upon, no doubt, but yet there is something gruesome about it: On Saturday, Aug. 17, by the Rev. So-and-so (dead), assisted by the Rev. What-d'ye-call-him (dead), Johann, son of Somebody (dead), to Judith, daughter of Somebody else (dead). All the witnesses dead, all the spectators, including the very children in arms, dead. What a marriage announcement! Time has made cypress of their orange-flowers indeed. What kind of a marriage present would one give to such a bridal couple? The humble biscuit would be useless, for they could surely not eat biscuits unless sopped; nut-crackers would be a mockery; to use even the eternal fish knives and forks may be beyond their powers; spoons, indeed, might still be welcome (though spooning time, alas! must long be over) accompanied with handsome consignments of farinaceous food. The pap-boats of their infancy might once again be found appropriate gifts for their second childhood. Not the most awkward of their congratulators would think of wishing them many happy returns of the day. Unhappy pair, left behind by some error of the Summoning Officer of Time, how pathetic is your story! "It is so far away and so long ago, let us hope it is not true."

In the same rich and comparatively unexplored soil has been dug up another nugget. While the people were strolling on the promenade of one of the spas in Hungary a wild bear, we are told, made its appearance, dragging a mountain sheep with it which it had killed. "There was a great stampede of the invalids." So one would imagine, if, at least, they could stampede. The word seems a little strong for persons in delicate health. Let us say "shuffling." Not that I, alas! for example, could shuffle (and much less "cut") if there were forty bears. I should be entirely dependent on the chivalry of my bath-chairman. He is a civil-spoken man enough, and apparently devoted to my interests: but would his loyalty to my person or attachment to his own property enable him to resist the temptation of flight? Or, abandoning his machine, would he at least have the charity to shut me up in it? Think of being in a closed bath-chair, with a bear looking atone through the glass darkly! Conceive such an event taking place at Eastbourne or Hastings! How the donkeys that draw the old ladies would be urged beyond their wildest dreams of velocity by hairpins and other strange stimulants! How the German band would drop their hateful instruments, and for once wish themselves, where they have so long been wished, back in their Fatherland! How the nigger minstrels would be quite as frightened, though they would retain their complexions! If one might venture to offer a suggestion to the narrator of this admirable story, the introduction of the mountain sheep seems to be a mistake; it is a nice bit of local colouring, no doubt: the bear must have come from the mountains to have supplied himself with the article in question, but it must have distracted his attention from the invalids. For my part at least, I would much rather meet a bear with a sheep upon an esplanade than without one. Unless it was a most uncommonly ill-fed one, he would not want me.

The accounts of the international chess match were read with extreme excitement by the lovers of that science: what are to the ignorant but unintelligible signs (and those abbreviated) speak to them in the most eloquent fashion. I know one learned in the law whose favourite position for perusing "an example" is that of a Chinese about to receive corporal punishment. He throws himself on his face with the newspaper beneath him, and follows the moves with the pertinacity of a sleuth-hound. If a client should chance to find him in that position he would certainly take his business elsewhere, but what is a client compared with a problem? If a couple of chess-players committed a murder—which, it is fair to say, is an unusual circumstance (I don't know of a murder by these fanatics in collaboration, though it is idle to suppose that there have not been games which have ended fatally for a too triumphant victor)—and were imprisoned for life together, with a board and chessmen, my belief is that they would have nothing to complain of. Their minds would be much too monopolised to have room for remorse. That devotion to the game produces callousness is certain. Everyone knows of the Scotch judge who, finding a chess-playing friend, who had too often beaten him, in the dock, passed sentence of death upon him with disgraceful cheerfulness, and added to the unusual formula of the law "And now, Sandy, my man, I've checkmated you this time." The cause of this malignity in chess-players is that the *amour propre* of one who has been beaten is wounded much more gravely than that of the loser at any other game.

One's ill-fortune at whist can be attributed to "those infernal cards"; even at billiards the top of your cue may be loose (or you can say it is), but success at chess depends upon the skill of the player, and on that only. That is why no courtier who understands his business should ever win a game of chess of his King; and yet chess-players have been so obstinate that they would not take a beating even from their lawful sovereign. A Spanish nobleman at the Court of Philip II. came home one day to his children dissolved in tears. "My dears, all is over with us, let us pack up and begone. I ought to have resisted the temptation for your sakes, but it was beyond my powers. I've beaten his Majesty at chess five games running. His openings were so bad, I couldn't let him win." He was, of course, sent into exile. The learned Cunningham—who must in this matter have been an idiot—lost all his favour with the Earl of Sunderland through the same means; whereas the Laird of Cluny procured his pardon from the same hand by weak, but highly judicious, moves. Such being the witness of history, and, as one would imagine, the verdict of common-sense, what, one wonders, is "the luck of chess"? In a highly scientific report of one of the late international games, I read, after an unhappily unintelligible description of some previous play, "Such is the luck of chess." What was it? Perhaps the wind (which is strong at Hastings) blew the Queen off the board, and she was not allowed to be put back again. That would be the only possible chance I should have of winning a game at chess.

Considering the press of competition in every branch of labour, it is quite curious how leisurely are the proceedings of the modern burglar. In old times he pursued his occupation with dispatch; selected his plate and carried it off—I don't know why, but he always did—in a taxed cart. On one celebrated occasion, in Wiltshire, a band of these gentry, it is true, broke into a country mansion, and compelled the lady of the house not only to provide a supper for them, but to preside at the table. She did it, and when her turn came (at their trial) swore to every one of them, and got them transported for life. Perhaps this made burglar supper-parties unpopular, and for many years these gentry simply did their business and went off with their swag. Of late years they have taken things (chiefly silver plate) much more coolly. "Business first and pleasure afterwards" is now their motto, and after exploring the pantry, they go to the larder and refresh themselves with a collation or sit-down supper. Sometimes they are so procrastinating, and indiscreet as to liquor, as to be caught by the police at what is mistakenly supposed to be an early breakfast. In Piccadilly (of all places) they pursued their profession the other night with unexampled *sangfroid*. They broke into a tobacconist's, and took away seven thousand cigars of the best brand. They were not deceived by the titles, but proved their excellence by personal experiment. Unlike the poet "whose worst he kept, whose best he gave," they smoked only half an inch or so—on trial—of the inferior sorts, and took (not presumably to give to anybody) the best away with them. They must have been cooler than Sydney Smith's "cool of the evening." And what palates they must have had to be so judicious! It is surely not usual for burglars to be judges of prime Havannahs. Moreover, they left a silver-mounted umbrella behind them, which seems to point to a superior station in life to that of Mr. William Sikes. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, if, as reported, still alive, might properly give his attention to this matter.

I feel as much interest in the "relics" of literary folks as can be expected of one of the same trade. The bog-oak walking-stick that lame Sir Walter used, the desk on which Dickens wrote his novels, have a distinct value for me; but I don't think much of "the tall hat under a glass case," which I read is to be seen at Thomas Carlyle's residence. Those who knew him best tell me that he never wore a tall hat, and he certainly did not wear one when engaged in composition. The most interesting object in the forthcoming exhibition of relics at Paris, we are told, is an inkstand containing four-ink bottles that belonged respectively to George Sand, the elder Dumas, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo. An author's pen is an effective literary relic enough, but scarcely the thing in which, when empty (as at present) he never dipped it. But of Victor Hugo's ink-bottle the great novelist asserts in writing that it came into his possession "neither by gift nor by purchase," so that at least there must needs be that sort of interest about it which hangs—like a misplaced halo—about property one has stolen. A humorous parson of my acquaintance used to show with some pride a relic—a penknife—of Samuel Bishop of Oxford. When anyone asked "How did you get it?" he replied, "Brought it away with me from my ordination."

There was a time when the "Rev. John Creedy" made a great sensation. Mr. Grant Allen painted him, but it was understood that he drew from an original. There was no need to paint him black, because he was black—a veritable nigger. He got "a call," as it is technically termed, became a clergyman of the Church of England, and preached edifying sermons. Then he went back as a missionary to his own country, where he "verted" to his original faith, followed his old superstitions, beat tom-toms, and worshipped fetishes. The story attracted

great attention from the clergy, especially those interested in missionary enterprise. Was it possible that it could be true? If it were so, black curates, even if they did not fascinate their white female parishioners, would rule low in the ecclesiastical market. I don't remember how this was settled, but if it was an original idea of Mr. Grant Allen's, he has now joined that increasing band of story-tellers whose plots are plagiarised by nature. In Sierra Leone we read that a black Sunday-school teacher has "gone one better," or rather worse, than the Rev. John Creedy, and in addition to reverting to his old superstition has taken to cannibalism. In conjunction with some friends of the like taste he has made a practice of killing and eating the individuals he had undertaken to edify. While throwing off the garments of civilisation, he did not, however, resume those of our first parents. He even developed an abnormal aesthetic taste by attiring himself in a leopard-skin, in which he used to pounce upon stray natives. If this is not a new thing under the sun, it would be hard to find its parallel. There is a drawing-room game—Consequences—in which each person contributes in writing and without consultation his quota to an incident. "A Sunday school teacher, dressed in a leopard skin, devours his pupils," would make a pretty consequence.

After many months' seclusion in a sick-room, I was taken out for a drive the other day in a park near London. It was a beautiful place—giant trees, vast stretches of the greenest grass, a lake, and the most perfect solitariness. Not a living thing save a few sheep and innumerable little birds was to be seen, save one wandering dog, in all probability a poacher, who fled as we drew near it. We might have been a thousand miles from town. Presently in the heart of this solitude we came upon two young people sitting on a bench very close to one another; they had evidently lost their way, and were probably frightened, for I noticed the man had his arm round the girl's waist as if to comfort and reassure her. Otherwise there was no sign of humanity. I thought at times I could hear the hum of the city, but that may have been fancy. It was doubtless the sighing of the trees. You might have heard a dead leaf fall—only there were none. As we drew near the gates, however, there were some of the lower orders, doubtless trespassers: it is so difficult to keep a park near town quite private. As we drove out, an idea occurred to me. I said to my dear nurse and companion: "I dare say it is having been ill so long, but one of those strange thoughts comes over me of somewhere or other having seen this place, though under widely different circumstances, before." "I dare say it does, my dear," she answered rather drily, "it's Hyde Park."

In Jacob Niemand, in the novel of that name, we find an exceptionally good lodger. It is all very well to abuse lodging-house ladies, but we rarely hear their side of the question. We are not often introduced to the ravenous lodger, the lodger that finds fault with everything, or the lodger who has unpleasant habits; but they abound. Mrs. Caton, whose husband had committed suicide years ago through being swindled out of his little fortune, and who had been compelled in consequence to take a boarder in her cottage at Ambleside, had had a great experience of them, and was glad to welcome Jacob Niemand though he had no references and very little luggage, for he had plenty of money, paid liberally, and was easily pleased. "Is this beautiful room to be mine," he asks, "for the ridiculously small sum you ask for it? Have you no garret? Here's a ten-pound note in advance." He also gets up very early, helps the maid to chop the wood and light the fires, and runs into the town on errands. A model lodger indeed. Still, the widow cannot but own that he has his little drawbacks. "Oh, Mary," she says to her pretty daughter, "did you see Mr. Niemand's hands, and, oh, did you see his nails?" Mary charitably thinks that he is a man who has "made his way," and is not inclined to be too critical. But Ambleside society resents the presence of Mr. Niemand, partly because he refuses to mix with it, but also because they cannot find out where he comes from. To Mrs. Caton he reveals the fact that he has only of late been rescued from a desert island, where for twenty years he has lived alone and contracted peculiar habits. He has a great love of natural scenery and pedestrianism, and, "Oh, what a treat it is," he says, "to be coming and going upstairs and downstairs!" When he is asked whether he is accustomed to a late dinner he "gives one of those nasty laughs which had disconcerted the ladies on more than one occasion," and when invited to take cocoa for breakfast, gets in a rage, and says he "can't bear the sight of it." These little eccentricities, combined with the fact that he called the members of the local police force "sneaks," reveal Mr. Niemand's antecedents to the reader earlier than to the widow and her daughter, to whom, however, he plays the part of a small providence. Why he does so is the author's secret, and this pen shall not reveal it. Though not a work of great literary excellence, it is an interesting story. Good convicts in fiction are as rare as they are in fact, unless, of course, they have been wrongfully convicted; the last I remember of them—and he was but moderately philanthropic—was the hero of "Great Expectations"; but he was of a lower type than Mr. Niemand, notwithstanding the state of the latter gentleman's hands and nails.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

We are lending Mr. John Hare to the United States, and America has sent us in return Mr. Augustus Thomas's four-act play "Alabama," which was produced by Mr. Willard at the Garrick Theatre on Sept. 2. It can hardly be said that in the exchange we find in loss a gain to match. With one or two exceptions, notably Mr. Bronson Howard's dramas, the play of American manufacture does not quite hit the tastes of an English audience, and one wonders at the boldness of Mr. Willard in presenting "Alabama." His motive is not quite clear, for he himself is equipped with a somewhat ridiculous part. In many respects the play resembles "The Professor's Love Story," with this difference—that Mr. Barrie had the good sense to be content with creating a pretty piece of sentiment, unloaded, except at one or two points, with the burden of a serious story. The plot of "Alabama" is intricate, improbable, and superfluous. It tells of a Southern planter—Colonel Preston—who lost his all in the Civil War, even his only son, who became a renegade to the paternal cause by joining the Northern troops. The hot-headed youth, lost sight of for eighteen years, leaves behind him a young wife who died in giving birth to her daughter (Carey) after his disappearance. His father's anger had been visited on the wife, who had found refuge with her husband's cousin (and erstwhile sweetheart), Mrs. Page. In the long interval the old folk at home had changed but little, but young Preston, under the name of Captain Davenport, had become a great railway engineer, and at the opening of the play is contemplating a line through his homeland, away down in Telladega, Alabama. This is the retrospect the audience is confronted with at the rising of the curtain, and the prospect is even more curious. Davenport has sent his assistant, Ned Armstrong, to survey the property through which it is intended to run the railroad, and, whether by design or accident, the young engineer is housed with his chief's father, Colonel Preston, with whom lives the orphan granddaughter, Carey. Within a week Armstrong falls passionately in love with the girl. Her foster-mother, Mrs. Page, is precipitated in a grave difficulty through the title to her estate (now become valuable by reason of the proposed railroad) being questioned by her brother-in-law, a notorious blackmailer. At this critical juncture, down comes the Captain, and, strange to say, he is unrecognised in his entire domestic circle except by his cousin, Mrs. Page. It would be tedious to follow out in detail the tortuous turns of Mr. Augustus Thomas's inventive faculty. Suffice it to say that Captain Davenport constitutes himself the universal panacea for the troubles of the folk in Telladega. He sweeps the blackmailer Page off the board; he allays his father's intense dislike to the young Northern engineer who proposes to marry

Carey; his railroad is to shower gold upon his old friends, and becomes responsible for four weddings. He finds that the heart of his cousin, good Mistress Page, still beats true to him; and, last of all, he has the satisfaction of thinking that his father will go down to the grave happy in the return of the prosperous prodigal. On paper the story seems a fairy tale; happily, its setting is as soothing as the plot is irritating. Mr. Thomas may not be a great playwright, but he can draw character when he takes the trouble. He has painted four portraits which it will be difficult to match, and in every case the parts are in the hands of excellent actors. There is, to begin with, a Colonel Moberley, an old-fashioned buck, who might have stepped out of last century, with his courtliness, his pomposity, and his ideas of honour; and in Mr. John Mason he finds as sympathetic a representative as could well be. As a companion picture, Mr. F. H. Tyler gives us a Simple Simon sort of squire, who strikes one as being altogether delightfully out of date. Mr. James Fernandez has seldom done anything better than the crabbed old Colonel, in whom age does not soften the asperities engendered by the misfortunes of 1865. Last of all there is a nigger servant, played with great skill by Mr. H. Cane. All the other characters in the play are lay figures. Miss Marion Terry, of course, is very charming as Mrs. Page; Mr. W. T. Lovell and Miss Agnes Miller, in her original part as Carey Preston, make the most of their opportunities; Mr. Basset Roe plays an uncompromising villain; and Mr. Willard (in a get-up that suggests the Scotland Yard detective of the days when he used to play villains to Mr. Wilson Barrett's heroes) just saves the part of Captain Davenport from being quite ridiculous. The scenery is very charming.

Mr. Toole, after an absence through illness of six months, returned to his theatre on Sept. 3, when he

appeared, only for the second time, as Mayor Rimple in Mr. Lumley's amusing farce "Thoroughbred." He was royally welcomed, yet it is melancholy to contemplate that he will hold the boards of the little house in King William Street only for four more weeks, for then his lease expires.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DEATH OF MR. STOKES.

The career of Mr. Stokes, who was hanged about eight months ago in the Congo under circumstances which are grave enough to have caused an international dispute, is full of romance. Charles Stokes was born in Dublin forty-three years ago. Afterwards his father, a civil engineer, removed to Enniskillen, where his son was educated at Portora Royal School. When twenty years old, young Stokes entered a Liverpool merchant's office, but four years later he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society for foreign service. After a brief period spent in a training college Stokes volunteered to go to Victoria Nyanza, where two missionaries had died. In 1878 he accordingly left for Africa. In 1883 he married Miss Sherratt, and came home for a short furlough. A daughter was born to him, but his wife survived the birth only a few days. Mr. Stokes, having married a native woman in 1886, left the Church Missionary Society, and became a trader in ivory. Latterly, he had been living at Taborah. Mr. Scott Elliot, Mr. Stanley, and other explorers knew Mr. Stokes, and the news of his death has mystified his friends. It appears that he was tried by court-martial under a decree which places any particular district under military control when public order seems



Photo Laing, Shrewsbury.

MISS NELLIE LOUISE STOKES.

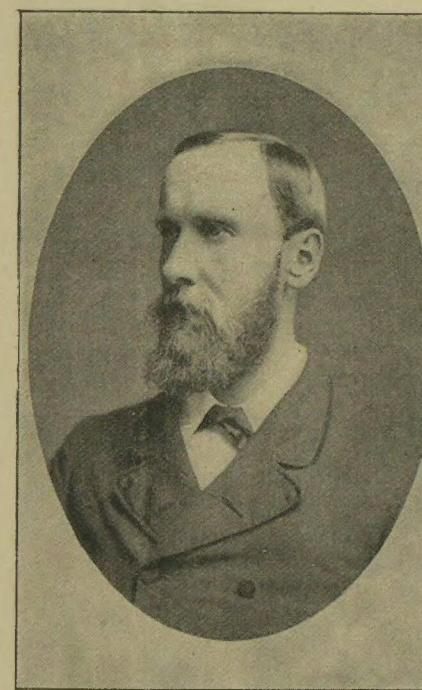


Photo Turner and Killick, Islington.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES STOKES.

THE EXECUTION OF A BRITISH TRADER IN THE CONGO.

to require it. Captain Lothaire sentenced Mr. Stokes to be hanged, although he appears to have quite exceeded his powers, for the Act requires that prisoners, other than soldiers or natives, should have the right of appeal to the authorities at Boma. The whole matter is so mysterious as to require thorough investigation.

ARMY MANOEUVRES IN THE NEW FOREST. The manoeuvres which have now concluded in the New Forest may be considered fairly successful. Our Illustrations in this issue show various incidents and scenes which will more particularly interest those who participated therein. A certain pathos attached to the visit paid by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, as Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, on Saturday, Aug. 31. The Duke visited the encampment of the troops of the Aldershot Division, under command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, near Ringwood, on the border of the New Forest. He inspected the troops, numbering over eleven thousand, on the parade, after which he made a brief speech to the commanding officers, bidding them farewell, with heartfelt emotion, upon the last occasion, as he said, of his reviewing so large a body of soldiers before his retirement from office. The soldier expressed their affectionate esteem for his Royal Highness by cheering him with the liveliest enthusiasm, in which they were joined by a vast concourse of spectators. This scene took place on Stony Cross Plain. The military manoeuvres, which had been performed during two weeks by these troops, divided into two opposing forces under command, respectively, of General Sir Charles Warren and General Sir W. F. Butler, were then terminated. Their performance has been very satisfactory, and their condition is greatly improved. At Aldershot, on Thursday, Aug. 29, the Duke of Cambridge, for the last time, held an official inspection of the cavalry, and bade farewell to the officers there.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT IPSWICH.

Ipswich, where the British Association is about to meet, is the chief county town of Suffolk. It is a very ancient place, and contains many features of antiquarian and archaeological interest. The old Grammar School was formerly situated in a part of the town contiguous to the Orwell, and formed one of a number of public buildings, showing that hereabouts was "olde Ipswich." The Orwell at this rather remote period served commercial purposes which are now more expeditiously, if not more effectually, served by the railway. The old Grammar School had as its Head Master the famed Dr. Valpy. Owing to its success, and the number of scholars applying for admission, it was found necessary to construct the new building on the Henley Road, and this was fortunate in having for its chief Dr. Hubert Holden, well known by classical scholars as the editor of the latest edition of Greek authors.

But it is not only by the river-side that we find the most historical relics of the old town of Ipswich. "Wolsey's Gate" still stands as one of the earliest brick buildings in all England, and special interest attaches to the gate for one among other reasons, that Wolsey was rendered famous by Shakspere himself. The style of the structure is called Elizabethan; it is as well preserved as it was three hundred years ago, and, thanks to the care of the authorities, still goes by the name of Elizabethan, but it is practically free Elizabethan.

It must be remembered that in the days before the Reformation our rivers were what railways are now to the towns situated on them, and the famous inns in Ipswich are suggestive of what this particular part of the town once was.

There is the Angel, which is situated close to St. Clement's Church, a grand old hostelry which has lately been in the hands of the restorer, though one of the old corners has, to the regret of not a few antiquaries, been improved out of existence. The Angel is very suggestive to historical students. Besides the Angel, there is the Salutation, marking the old Catholic times, when the Angel of visitation and the Salutation of the Virgin were the chief theological features of the time. St. Peter's Dock was named after the church, and it is famed as the third largest dock in England, being some thirty-three acres in extent. St. Margaret's Church is, perhaps, the most famous of the churches in the town. Four hundred years ago it was the cathedral church, and it is practically so now, the most celebrated preachers having delivered their sermons within its walls. The sacred edifice is distinguished for its beautifully painted roof.

PARLIAMENT.

Ministers have got all their supplies after a series of alarms and excursions of no great consequence except

to the West Highland Railway Guarantee Bill. This measure was fiercely opposed by some of the Scotch members, and eventually dropped by Mr. Balfour. Its general public interest is limited to a personal incident in one of the discussions. Sir Richard Webster interjected a remark disrespectful to Mr. Dalziel, when that gentleman was on his legs, and there has since been a procession of apologies. The zeal of the Irish members kept the House sitting till five o'clock one morning, an achievement which recalled the halcyon times of the 1880 Parliament. Mr. Brodrick examined the new scheme of Army reorganisation, and Mr. Goschen reminded the House that whatever plans for controlling the Admiralty might be devised, the First Lord would still be "ruler of the Queen's Navy." Mr. Goschen made the interesting statement that the Admiralty is much more efficient than it was twenty years ago, when he was first placed at its head. The great cordite debate came to little. Mr. Brodrick said the Government thought an extra expenditure of seventy thousand pounds on small-arm ammunition was needed for the service. The point was whether a sudden emergency would find every man with a gun ready to fire it. This, in the opinion of the late Government, was a needless precaution, but to the present Government it was vital. A debate on the occupation and retention of Chitral produced an amendment, moved by a Conservative member, Mr. Maclean, and supported by another Conservative, Mr. Bhownaggree, condemning annexation on our Indian frontier, but this was rejected by a large majority. The Indian cotton duties were strongly assailed by the Lancashire members, but as the matter has been remitted to the consideration of the Indian Government, Lord George Hamilton adopted a neutral attitude. The Indian Budget excited the usual interest which attaches to Indian Budgets at the fag end of the session.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES IN THE NEW FOREST.

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

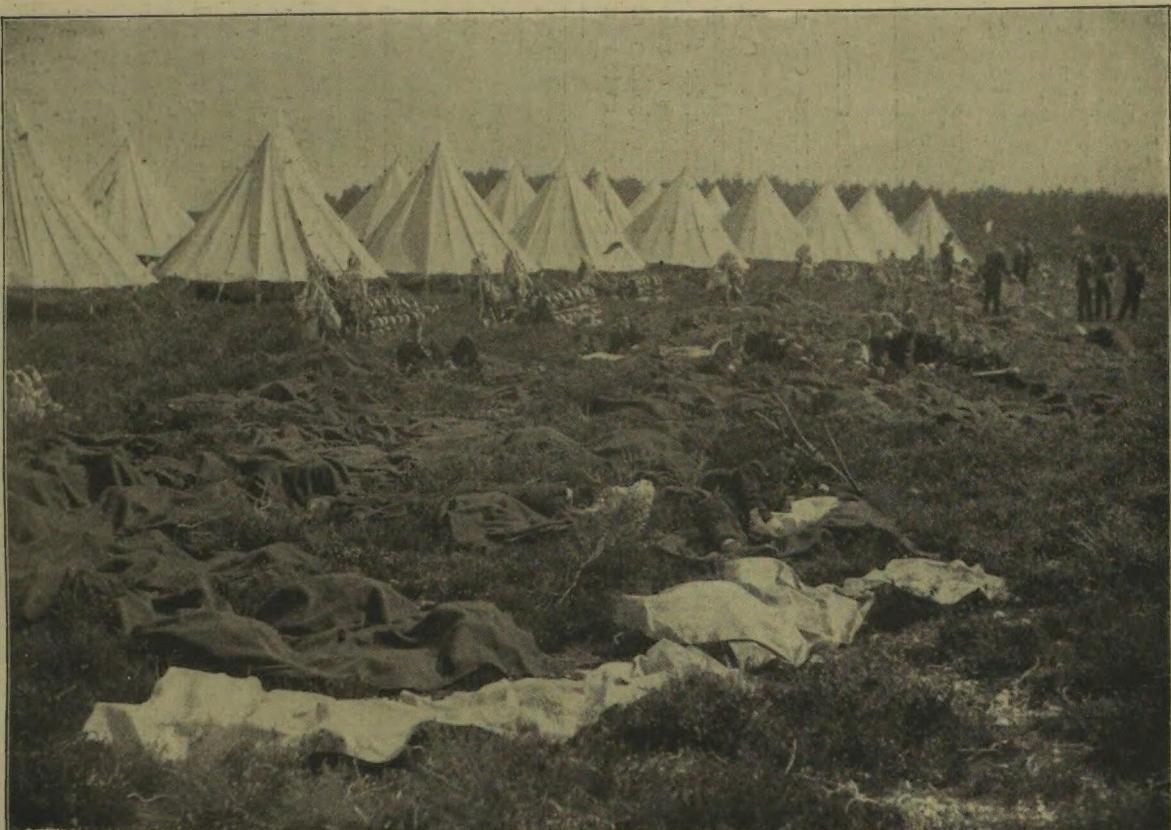
Major Murray. Major Sinclair. Capt. Blunt. Capt. McNeill. Capt. Grierson. Lieut.-Col. Stopford.



Col. Wintle. Lieut.-Col. Wallace. Duke of Connaught. Col. Kelly Kenny. Col. Mackworth. Col. Miles.
Major Belfield. Capt. Lord Bingham.
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND THE ALDERSHOT STAFF.



THE 3RD HUSSARS AT OCKNELL.



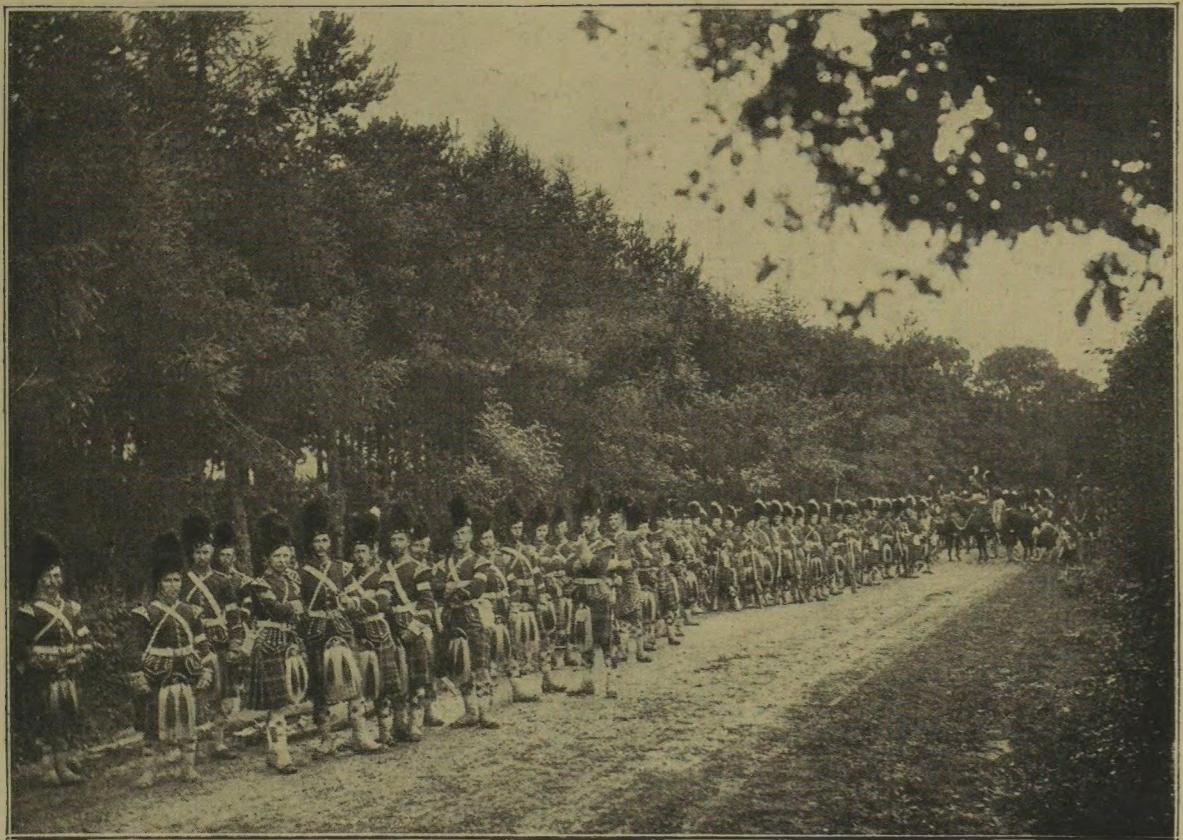
DRYING BEDDING IN CAMP.



TATTERS AND SPECTATORS.

THE ARMY MANCEUVRES IN THE NEW FOREST.

Photographs by Simmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS : A HALT BY THE WAY.



ARMY SERVICE CORPS' BAKERY.



FIELD TELEGRAPH.



ARMY BUTCHERY.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Kenny, the new Irish Solicitor-General, has been re-elected for the St. Stephen's Green division of

Dublin by a majority of 432. His opponent was Mr. Pierce Mahoney, a Parnellite. Mr. Kenny is a Liberal Unionist, and his official appointment has caused some soreness amongst the Conservatives. He is the son of an Ennis solicitor, became a Q.C. in 1885, and a Bencher of the King's Inn, Dublin, in 1890. He is also a member of the Senate of Dublin University.

The Shahzada is positively gone. He lingered long in various places, including the dentist's. There was a great commotion one day last week in a certain chamber of torture. The Shahzada and his uncle were operated on, taking gas for the first time. The uncle thought his last moment had come, and was heard murmuring "Allah is great! Kismet!" His nephew showed more philosophy; but it is probable that the visit to the dentist will be recounted to the Ameer with greater emotion than the Shahzada feels with regard to anything else in his travels.

By the way, it is erroneously supposed that the British taxpayer has to bear the very considerable cost of the Afghan Prince's protracted stay. As a matter of fact it is all put upon the mild Hindoo. The Indian taxpayer has some reason to grumble, for it is very doubtful whether the importance of the Shahzada's visit is in proportion to its length.

King Alexander of Servia has had a narrow escape from drowning when bathing at Biarritz. His swimming-master was carried off by the tide and lost his life. The open beach at Biarritz is always a little dangerous even in fine weather, for the Atlantic rolls in with a heavy surf; but at the Vieux Port there is as safe and excellent a bathing-place, especially for novices in swimming, as any reasonable person can desire, and why King Alexander did not take his lessons there is a mystery.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has been moved to anathematise Mr. Healy in a manifesto. The division in the Anti-Parnellite party is now so acute that both sections have nominated candidates for the vacant seat in Kerry. Mr. McCarthy accuses Mr. Healy of having fomented a conspiracy that threatens the National cause. Mr. Healy declines to be drawn into any personalities at the expense of Mr. McCarthy, whom he still regards as "My dear Justin." He says that the chairman of the Nationalist party is a good man in the hands of designing persons. It is a very pretty quarrel, quite inexplicable to English observers.

Lord Archibald Campbell is endeavouring to calm the perturbed spirits of the Macdonald of Glencoe. The Inverary pipers are to march through the Glen to attend a Gaelic festival, and it has been put about that they will play dirges to indicate the remorse of the Campbells for the famous massacre. Lord Archibald says that such an idea never entered his head, and that his pipers simply take Glencoe as a convenient highway to which they have as much right as anybody. The Macdonalds are said to be preparing to dispute the passage.

The Lord Mayor's visit to the President of the French Republic is expected to smooth the way to the acceptance by President Faure of an invitation from the City of London. Sticklers for etiquette point out that this implies an equality between the Lord Mayor and the Chief Magistrate of France; but it will be fortunate if M. Faure is able to waive any technical difficulties of this kind.

To all who mourn the loss of a princely philanthropist (whose death was noticed in our last issue) will be of interest. Not only will the name of Mitchell be linked for generations with that of Marischal, owing to his munificent gifts to Aberdeen University, but many other generous deeds will long commemorate a man who held his fortune as a solemn trust. In addition to the biographical details previously given, one may add that Dr. Mitchell matriculated at the college which he afterwards benefited so lavishly, and won, in 1840, the first prize in its chemistry class. When, two years

later, he left Aberdeen for Newcastle-on-Tyne, he first began his career as an engineer with the firm of Messrs. Coutts, serving on board the screw collier *Q.E.D.* for a while. Next he was employed for some years by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, and Field, and afterwards began the shipyards which became one of the leading businesses in the United Kingdom. He gave at least £31,000 to the Extension scheme in connection with the University of Aberdeen, and he had been anticipating with pleasure the ceremony of inaugurating the Graduation Hall in October. In the neighbourhood of the Elswick Works he erected a fine hospital for the benefit of his workpeople, and in other directions laid out his money for the benefit of his fellowmen.

We have to record with much regret the death, on Aug. 31, of Mr. William Thomas, chief of the electrotype department of *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Thomas was, as a young man, connected with Mr. Morel, who did much to introduce electrotyping into London. When the business was absorbed by Messrs. Delagana, Mr. Thomas passed into the employment of the latter well-known firm. About a dozen years ago he came to *The Illustrated London News*, where he became the head of the department for electrotyping that paper, as well as the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, the *Sketch*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and other work connected with the office. Mr. Thomas had, therefore, wide experience, and was always alert on behalf of the very important labours of his department. He always preserved his geniality, and has left behind him the memory of a conscientious and estimable man. He was in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

Among many clergymen who have devoted some part of their lives to antiquarian research the Rev. Robert E.

Hooppell, LL.D., who died at Bournemouth, on Aug. 26, occupies an honourable place. He was educated at Cambridge, graduating high in honours in 1855. He was a tutor at Beaumaris Grammar School, and subsequently principal of Winterbottom Nautical College, South Shields. In

1875 he became Rector of Byers Green, which living he held till his death. Among his books may be mentioned "Vinovia," which described an ancient Roman city in the county of Durham, and two volumes detailing other explorations. His *alma mater* conferred on him in 1868 the honorary LL.D. degree, and Durham made him D.C.L. in 1876. Dr. Hooppell was sixty-two years old.

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Photo Robinson, Dublin.

MR. WILLIAM KENNY, Q.C., M.P.,
Solicitor-General for Ireland.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE LATE REV. DR. R. E. HOOPPELL.

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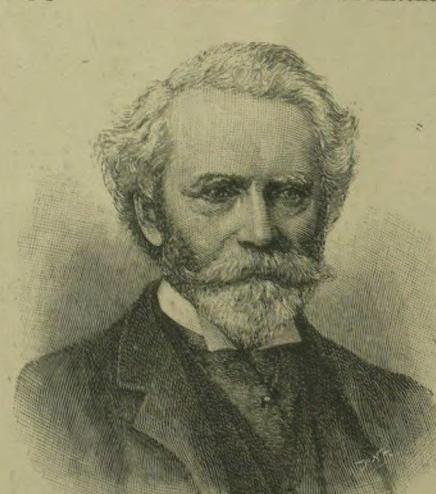


Photo Parry, South Shields.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her children, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is at Homburg; the Princess of Wales, with two of her daughters, is at Copenhagen.

The Shahzada of Afghanistan, who left England on Tuesday, Sept. 3, after a sojourn of fifteen weeks, makes a short stay in Paris, and goes on to Marseilles, where he is to embark on board the steam-ship *Clive* for his return voyage to India.

The Channel squadron arrived in the Firth of Forth on Aug. 29, anchoring off North Berwick, and on Saturday moved up to Queensferry; the Admiral and officers commanding were greeted hospitably by the municipalities of Leith and Edinburgh.

Speed trials of H.M.S. *Magnificent*, the new first-class battle-ship constructed at Chatham Dockyard, have taken place in the North Sea, under command of Captain Lord Charles Beresford, with satisfactory results, the speed attained being from sixteen to eighteen knots an hour. The trials of H.M.S. *Majestic*, built at Portsmouth, would begin in a few days.

The series of matches for the championship between various county cricket teams of England was concluded by that played on Monday and Tuesday at Kennington Oval, between Surrey and Hampshire. On Saturday Surrey had beaten Sussex by an innings and forty-four runs at Brighton; and the match with Hampshire, which ended at six o'clock on Tuesday, left Surrey victorious with 374 runs made in one innings, against 354 made by Hampshire in first and second innings. Surrey therefore holds the championship for another season.

The arrangements for the America Challenge Cup yacht race at New York, to begin on Sept. 7, were settled by Lord Dunraven, owner of *Valkyrie III*, in a conference with the New York committee on Aug. 30, the *Defender* having been chosen to oppose his Lordship's yacht on behalf of the United States. The winner of three out of five races, to be sailed on alternate days, will hold the Challenge Cup. The course will be thirty miles, out and home, either from the Sandy Hook light-ship or from the Scotland light-ship, making a prescribed triangle in certain of the races.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Congress of the Trades Unions, attended by 344 delegates, representing eighty-six societies, with an aggregate of nearly one million members, was opened at Cardiff on Monday, Sept. 2, under the presidency of Mr. John Jenkins, a town-councillor of Cardiff. Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. David Holmes, of Accrington, and others, took part in its proceedings. The President's address commented with much disapproval upon the course pursued by Mr. Keir Hardie and the "Independent Labour Party." An attempt was made by Mr. Havelock Wilson to obtain a vote cancelling the new standing orders adopted by the Parliamentary Committee, whereby membership of the Congress is restricted to actual workmen in the trades which it represents, and its deliberations are restricted to such matters as practically affect those trades. The amendment moved by Mr. Wilson was rejected by a large majority of the delegates, representing 604,000 members of trades unions, against 357,000 whose delegates voted with him.

Boating and bathing accidents of a fatal character have lately been reported. At Spithead, on Saturday afternoon, a young man and a young woman, both aged nineteen or twenty, belonging to Southsea, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat. At Whitby, and at the seaside places on the Lincolnshire coast, at Aberystwith, and on the Irish coasts, lives have been lost within the last few days.

A bicycle tourist, from Blackburn in Lancashire, was killed on Sept. 1, in a singular manner, on the Portrush electric railway, near Bushmills, on the Antrim coast of the North of Ireland. His bicycle happened to fall, throwing him upon the elevated rail, which was powerfully charged with electricity. This caused his death, like the shock of a flash of lightning.

The Memorial Church at Berlin, dedicated to the renown of the Emperor William I., was consecrated with a grand ceremonial on Sunday, Sept. 1, in the presence of his grandson, the Emperor William II., with the Empress and all the Prussian Royal Family, and the chief official persons of the German Army and of the State. This edifice, of white sandstone, in the Roman style of architecture, with a spire 370 ft. high, has cost £155,000, raised by public subscription; it stands close to the Thiergarten, on the road to Charlottenburg, and is one of the finest churches of Berlin. There was a parade of all the Guards next day on the Tempelhof plain, and a State banquet at the Palace, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the victory of Sedan. The King of Saxony, who is appointed Commander of the Army of the Meuse, and the King of Würtemberg, appeared at the head of their regiments. At the dinner in the evening the Emperor made a speech, proposing the toast of the health of his Guards, and dwelling upon the exploits of the German Army, the establishment of German national unity, and the example of his illustrious grandfather, whose personality was associated with that great work, the foundation of the German Empire, which they would maintain in this and future ages. His Majesty has also sent a message to Prince Bismarck, renewing the assurance of his deep

gratitude for the services which that statesman rendered to the national cause and to the Emperor William I.

Prince Bismarck on Aug. 30, at his country-house, Friedrichsruh, received a friendly visit from about sixty of the Germans residing in America, who have come to Europe for the purpose of attending the patriotic celebration at Berlin of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the German Empire and of the victories in the French War. The aged statesman bade them a hearty welcome, and spoke warmly of the occasion.

The French Chambers are to meet again on Oct. 22. The President of the French Republic is expecting to receive the Lord Mayor of London as a guest at his official residence in Paris. The Minister of the Interior has ordered the Prefects of several Departments in the south of France to suppress the exhibitions of bull-fighting which have been commenced at Dax, Bayonne, Arles, and other towns, patronised by the municipal authorities, and supported by the people. This has excited some local riots, so that the troops were called in to aid the police.

The French army in Madagascar is stated, on Aug. 8, to have had forty per cent. of its troops disabled by fever or other sickness, and 2260 were then in the hospitals, besides many who had been sent home. On the northern coast of the island a tribe which had joined the French was attacked by the Hovas and completely dispersed.

A rumour, coming apparently from Vienna, of the discovery in Russia of a widespread Anarchist plot to

years ago. It is now beyond doubt that he, on Jan. 14, after a summary trial by court-martial, hanged Mr. Charles Stokes, an English trader, who was guilty of selling rifles and ammunition to the hostile Arabs and native tribal chiefs, and that he refused to allow of an appeal to the superior tribunal at Boma, where he might have had the assistance of the British Vice-Consul in preparing his legal defence. Dr. Merceaux and other Europeans who were present are ready to testify against the proceedings of Major Lothaire, which have aroused much indignation among the white men in Central Africa not officially connected with the Congo State.

The Chinese Commission of Inquiry, attended by the British and American Consuls, to examine concerning the massacre of English ladies and of Mr. Stewart, the English Church missionary, near Ku-chen, in the southern provinces, is making a little progress; but although about one hundred persons have been arrested, and twelve have been pronounced guilty and sentenced to death, very slight confidence is felt in this tribunal reaching the primary authors of that atrocious deed.

In the Bombay Presidency of India the mutual hatred of the Hindoos and Mohammedans has again broken out into acts of riotous violence and conflict, attended with some loss of life. At Dhulia, in the district of Khandesh, Hindoo religious processions were repeatedly attacked during the last week of August; and on Sept. 1, when Mr. Cumine, the Collector of the district, was present with a police force to maintain order, he was assaulted and beaten with sticks. The police used their firearms against the rioters, killing ten of them and wounding about fifty others.

Another conflict between the Spanish Government troops in Cuba and the scattered bands of insurgents has taken place near Ramon de las Aguas, where General Canellas, with only 850 men, fought during eight hours against 3500 of the rebels led by Maceo. The latter were forced to retire with a loss of thirty-six killed and eighty wounded.

French military officers, Captain Mounie and Captain Toutée, employed this year in exploring the interior of West Africa beyond the Niger, are stated to have made remarkable journeys, though Captain Toutée failed to reach Timbuctoo by ascending that river. The French Government administrator, M. Deville, has visited the native kingdom of Bouay, which lies between Borgon, to the south-east, and Zamema and Gourma to the north; he has negotiated a convention with the King of Bouay.

The Abyssinian embassy lately sent to Russia to congratulate the Czar upon his accession to the throne, returning home through Egypt, is accompanied by a Russian officer, Colonel Leontieff, and by a Bishop of the Orthodox Russian Church, the latter, however, not going all the way to Abyssinia.

The officials of the United States Army Signal Service have decided to build a flying machine. When completed it will be used in a series of experiments whose object will be to determine, if possible, the practicability of artificial soaring flight. The mechanism will be what is known as the soaring apparatus, the only kind of flying machine on the aeroplane order which has actually succeeded in transporting a man in free air. One of these has been built and successfully used by Herr Lillienthal, a German engine manufacturer, who succeeded in flying several hundred yards by its means. The new soaring apparatus will greatly resemble a gigantic butterfly, with large curved but fixed wings, provided with a flat tail and upright keel, projecting behind. It will be about 30 ft. across from tip to tip of wings, and about 7 ft. from front to back. It will expose about 160 square feet of surface. This surface will consist of fine cloth, stretched tightly over a framework of light wood, held in place by fine steel wire. There will be no movement of the wings whatever.

The whole surface will be rigid, without hinges or joints for the movement of one part against another, and it is designed to represent the eagle in the act of soaring. From the centre of the machine to the front edge will be left an open space to be occupied by the aeronaut, who flies in a standing position.

CAPTAIN SIR DOUGLAS GALTON.

Much will be written within the next three weeks of Captain Sir Douglas Galton, who occupies the honourable post of President of the British Association in succession to the Marquis of Salisbury. He has justified his selection for this compliment by long and valuable services in various fields. Son of the late Mr. J. H. Galton, of Worcester, he was born in 1823. He was educated at Rugby and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Having joined the Royal Engineers, Douglas Galton soon showed his abilities. He had to do with the removal of the wrecked *Royal George* before he was twenty; then he served in the Mediterranean and on the Ordnance Survey. The first of a long series of secretariats began in 1848, when he acted in this capacity on a Royal Commission relating to the use of iron in railways. He next was appointed Inspector of Railways; in 1857 Chairman of the Commission dealing with submarine cables; and in 1862, Assistant Under-Secretary for War. But merely to recount all Captain Galton's services would be wearisome. He has had connection with Commissions and Congresses innumerable, while for twenty years he has been General Secretary of the British Association, over which he will soon be presiding at Ipswich. He was created C.B. in 1865, and knighted in the Jubilee year. Sir Douglas has managed, by genial suavity allied to wide knowledge, to accomplish excellent work, as well as to make many friends.

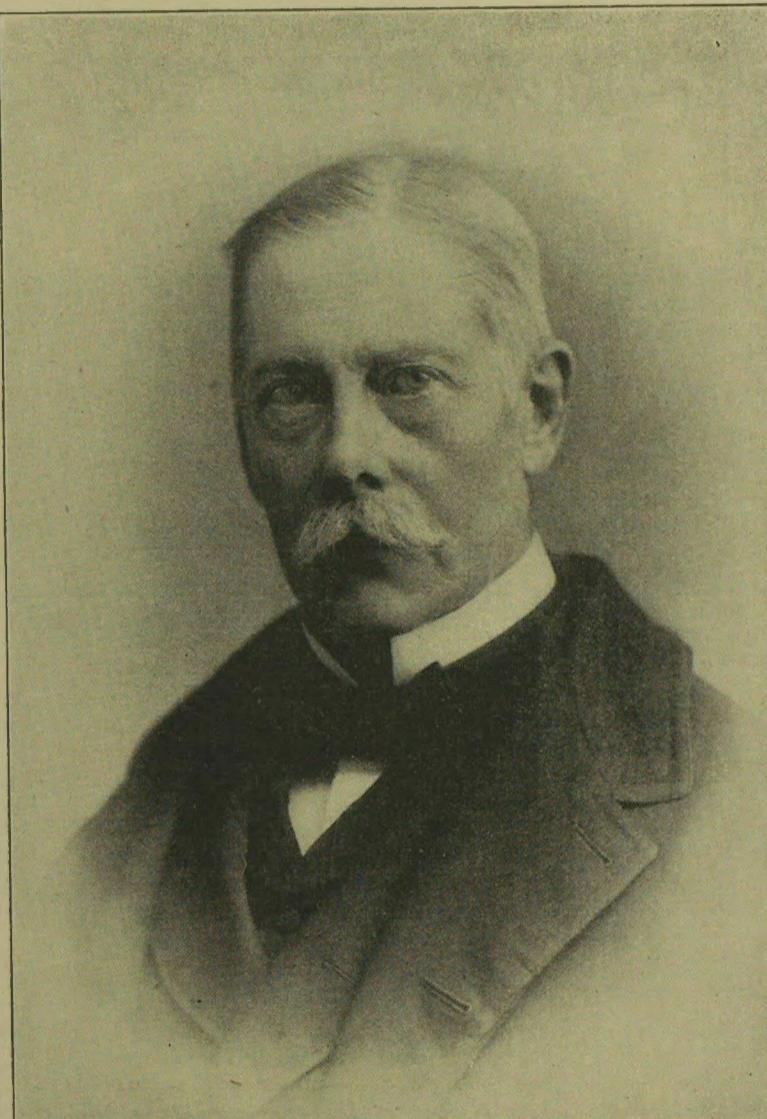


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
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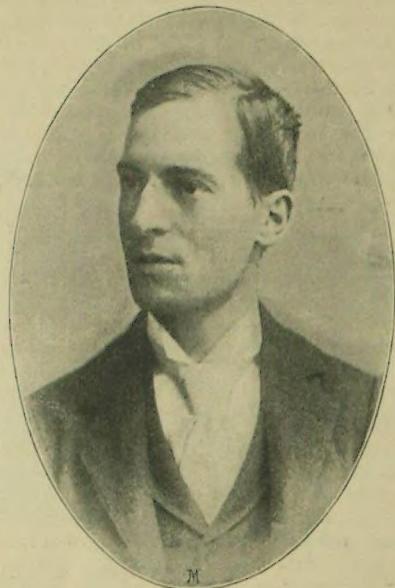
assassinate the Czar Alexander III., adding that thirty or forty persons have been arrested on suspicion of being engaged in the conspiracy, still requires more precise confirmation.

King Humbert of Italy has been superintending military manoeuvres on a large scale in the Neapolitan provinces, in the neighbourhood of Aquila, accompanied by German and other foreign military visitors. France has given notice to terminate her existing commercial treaty with Italy concerning the trade with Tunis, an act which is regarded by the Italians as very unfriendly, and diplomatic remonstrances are going on, but their precise tenor has not been made known.

The conference of English, American, Swiss, and French Protestants, clergy and laity, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan, desiring to promote the reunion of Christian Churches, again held at Grindelwald, in Switzerland, was opened on Sunday, Sept. 1. The Rev. Dr. Lunn presided, and the Dean of Ripon, the Archdeacon of Manchester, the Rev. Professor Story, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Mr. Percy Bunting, and other well-known English religious leaders took part in the proceedings.

Several disasters to Alpine climbers in Switzerland have occurred in the present season. An English young lady, Miss Sampson, who was staying at Zermatt, while passing over the Triftjoch to Zinal with a friend, Miss Grove, and two guides, was struck by a falling piece of rock and was killed instantly; the others were not hurt.

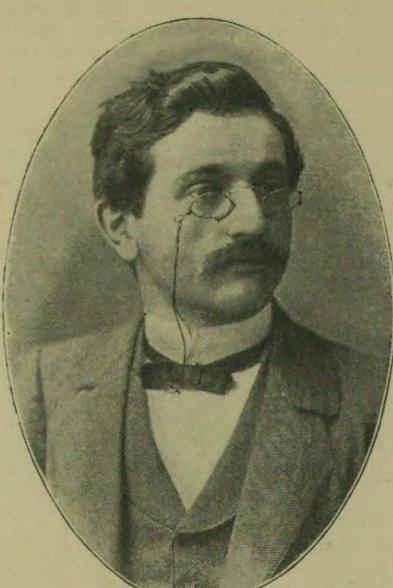
Serious complaints are made of the conduct of a Belgian officer, Major Lothaire, commanding the forces of the Congo Free State on the Aruwimi and Ituri, tributaries of the Upper Congo, in the forest region traversed by Mr. H. M. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition some



MR. H. N. PILLSBURY,
WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE OF £150.



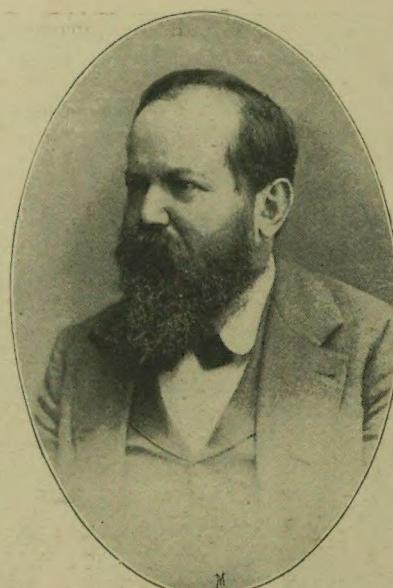
M. TSCHIGORIN.



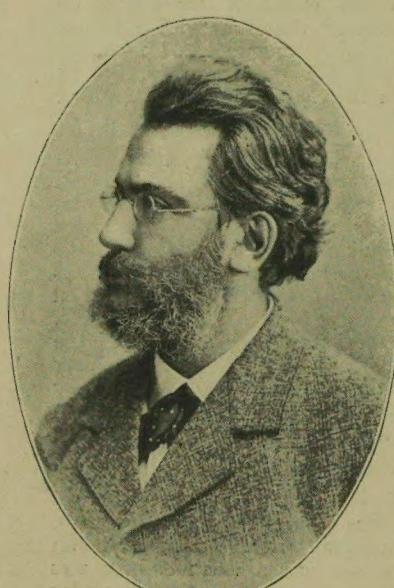
HERR E. LASKER.



DR. TARRASCH.



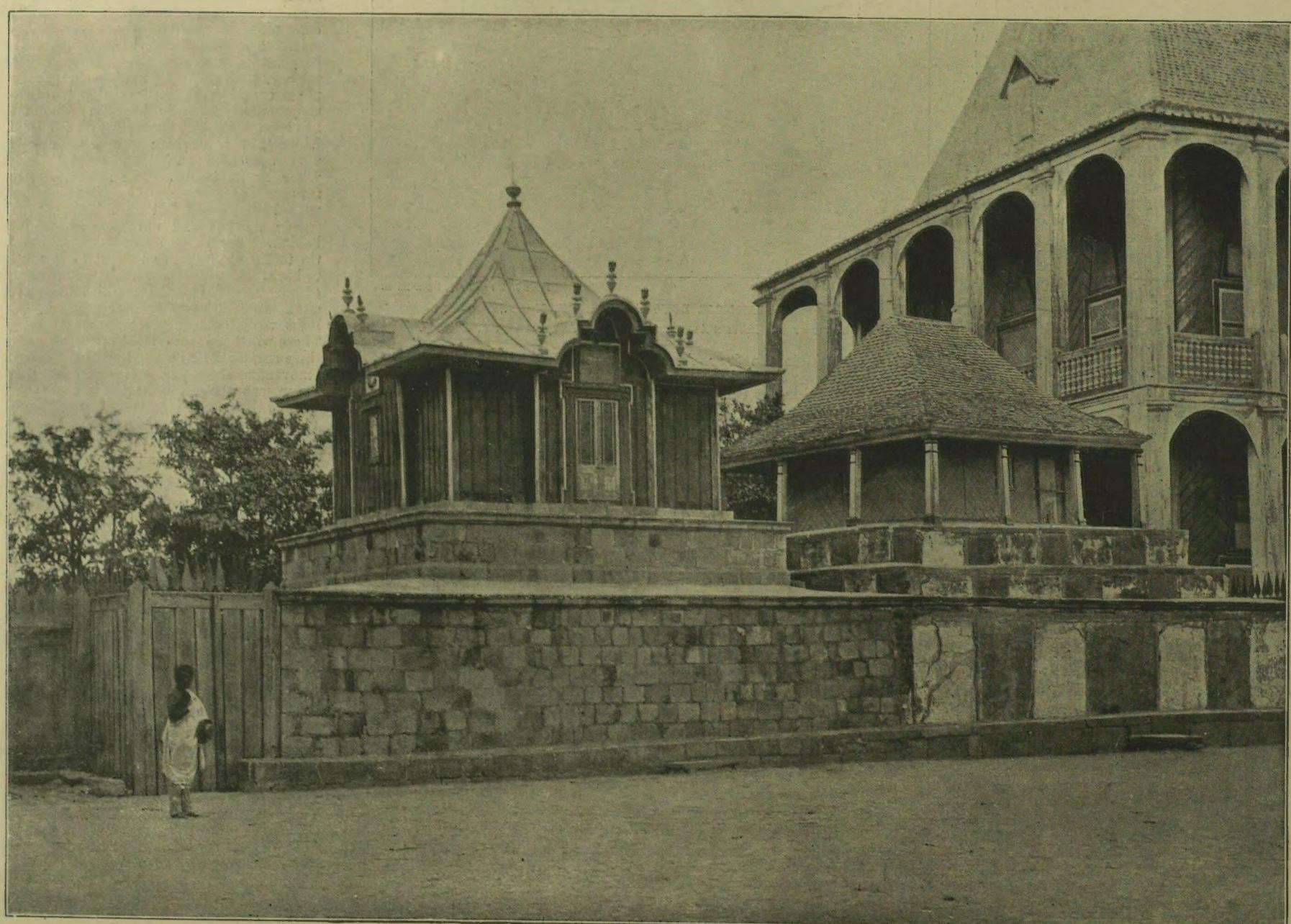
HERR STEINITZ.



HERR SCHIFFERS.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT AT HASTINGS: PROMINENT PLAYERS.

Photographs by George Bradshaw, Hastings.



THE WAR IN MADAGASCAR: TOMBS OF RADAMA I. AND RASOHERINA.

THE COURAGE OF PAULINE CAMACHO.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

CHAPTER III.

HOPES RANCH.

When Jack finished his railroad journey he found no one expecting him, so he slung his bundle of blankets on his shoulder, and asking the way, started for Hope's Ranch on foot. He was in very good feather and quite light-hearted at the prospect of work.

"Never mind, old son," he said to himself; "you don't care if there isn't a two-horse buggy for you. Probably they didn't know old Mac's University man was coming up to look after their stable and serve out hay and barley. Woe's me, Alhama! Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!"

And he trudged along the dusty road that wound through vineyards which had only just begun to show signs of budding. On both sides of the valley were fairly lofty hills, and right ahead of him was one almost solitary height which rose some three thousand feet. It was double peaked and very rocky near the top; lower down it was dotted with manzanita, and lower still with pine, fir, and madrone. Though he did not then know it, Hope's Ranch lay between its base and the road.

"God bless my soul, as old Mac says, I do believe I must be nearly there now. I'll knock off and take a smoke," said Jack when he had done about five miles.

He squatted on the top of a gate, and filling his pipe, puffed heavy volumes of smoke into the still air.

"I wonder what kind of an outfit it is. Never mind, whatever it's like, I'll hang it out till the fall, and then hey for England. That'll be a change, anyhow, even if I have to light out again and put in more penal servitude on a 'furrin' shore."

And slinging his blankets over his shoulder, he went for the last mile bravely. For it was long past noon, and he was getting hungry.

Presently a wagon with a couple of horses came in sight. Jack pulled up.

"Can you tell me which is Hope's?" he asked.

"Go in the next gate on the left of you, and follow the trail, young feller," said the driver, "or the next gate after that, which leads straight to the house."

"Thank you," said Jack aloud, and to himself he added, "I'll take the lowly and humble back way."

So he went through the indicated gate and followed a fenced-in road, on both sides of which were vineyards. After a quarter of a mile it turned sharply to the right, and ran through a heavy forest of madrone trees, whose upper branches, with their yellow bark, shone as though sunset lay on them. After three hundred yards of that he came into the open, and saw a corral and various outbuildings, then a big open space dotted with hogs in various

stages of leanness, and again the big barn with stables on both sides of it. The house itself lay nearer the road in a large garden. Going through it, he came to the kitchen, and found a Chinaman washing dishes.

"Where's the boss, sonny?" asked Jack, dropping his blankets at the foot of a tree.

"Mrs. Hope is in the house," said the Chinaman in very good English.

"But I want to see the boss," insisted Jack. Just then a white man came down after Jack with a barrow-load of wood.

"You want the boss? Well, I guess Mrs. Hope is the boss here — very much the boss."

"Then Mr. McIntosh sent me up here. He said you would know by now that I was coming. As the stableman," said Jack.

She eyed him sharply again, and seemed, on the whole, satisfied with the result of her quick inspection.

"You haven't had dinner, have you?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Then if you ask the cook he'll give you some. And afterwards you can go round with Charlie, who is working somewhere about, and he will show you your work."

And she dismissed him.

He found Charlie, whom he guessed he had come to replace, in the kitchen talking with Wong, the cook.

"Fix him up some grub, Wong," said Charlie, who was a short stout Canadian from Ottawa, "and then I'll take him round and show him the sights. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say," said Jack, "but I will. It's Bevis."

"And you're a H'inglishman, of course," said Charlie, who believed with most western Americans that all English people find insuperable difficulties with their aspirates.

"That's so," said Jack, who was past caring, even if he were called a "blooming, blawsted H'inglishman," which is a very popular way of showing natives of the British Isles how they talk their own language.

However, Charlie seemed a good enough sort, though there was a curious sardonic grin on his face, the beauty of which Jack did not wholly appreciate until some weeks afterwards.

"Oh, no! it ain't a bad sort of a job," said he; "there's a mighty lot to be done sometimes, but then, what can you reckon on for the pay?"

"It's not much," said Jack, who was too busy filling himself up to catch Charlie's delicate irony. "But what are you quitting for?"

"Hum!" answered Charlie, "it isn't on account of the cook or the cooking, is it, Wong?" and the Chinaman smiled very benevolently. "For Wong here is a real white man, whiter than most on the Pacific Slope; and he's got democratic views and believes in the rights of labour, and he looks after us like a father. And it isn't because of the remuneration attached to this office. To tell the truth, it's because I got very blind and slept with the bull, and wouldn't rouse out till noon. And Mrs. Hope wanted the buggy, and was just furious. And not a man dare go nigh me. And they knew, if they hove chunks of wood at me I should get up and snort. So the Madam said I'd have to quit."

"What kind of a woman is she?" asked Jack.



"Never mind, old son," he said to himself; "you don't care if there isn't a two-horse buggy for you."
And he trudged along the dusty road.

"Thank you," said Jack. "Then where will I find her?"

"Round in front, likely," answered the young fellow, and following the wave of his hand, Jack went off to interview Mrs. Hope.

He found in the front garden a tall, thin, fair woman of about thirty-seven, who had a keen grey eye.

"Ah!" said Jack to himself, "now I guess I understand." Going up to her, he lifted his big-brimmed hat.

"Are you Mrs. Hope?" he asked very politely.

"Yes," answered his new boss sharply, but in a pleasant enough voice.

"She's a rustler, you bet," was all the answer he got. "The Italians who work in the vineyard call her 'La Donna Diavola.'"

At that Jack got up, having finished his dinner, and they went out.

"Where's the stable, eh?"

And they went to inspect it. There were about ten horses in it then, and room for five more at least.

"Sometimes it's full, and sometimes it isn't," said Charlie; "and the barn's full of hay, and Madam keeps the key of the oats and barley. And now let's sit down, and I'll fill you up with solid information."

They sat down on a manger and filled their pipes. When Charlie's was in full blast he began.

"Now here's this stable. It's yours. And there's five cows to milk. And there's the bull just round the corner. I'll prime you about him when I've done. And you've got to cut the wood for the house and kitchen."

"Oh!" said Jack, looking disgusted; "that's not the stableman's job."

"No more's milking neither," said the Kanuck; "but bless you, hold on. I ain't half through. There's the two buggies and the harness, and in the paddocks on the other side of the road there are fifty horses and forty head of cattle, and three hundred sheep. And not a soul but you will have aught to do with them. And that, with a few little odd jobs, is the work, and you get a whole twenty dollars a month for it. By gosh! it's a soft snap, that's what it is—a circus, a picnic."

"Hum!" said Jack. "Well, I guess it can be done. For a time, anyhow. And isn't there an overseer?"

Charlie nodded.

"He's of no account. You can wind him up and set him going your own time as long as the Madam don't set him on. His name's Blake."

"And what about the bull?" asked Jack, who was getting well posted in the politics of the ranch.

"Ah, the bull. Blazer I call him. Come, and I'll show him you."

And going round to the back of the stable he came to another entrance. When Charlie touched the door there came an angry bellow from within. And Blazer, who was hung up short by the nose, glared at them with eyes which looked like two noonday suns seen through the rolling dust as a man gallops after a herd on the summer prairie. But angry as he seemed, Charlie walked up and scratched his curl, and the bull calmed down.

"Now, this bull is the only real bright helpful animal on this here ranch. No man could stay here if so be he had nothing to look to for help and ease of mind. I'd have up and quit the first week if I hadn't discovered how the thing was to be worked. And I've stayed four months."

"And how the thunder is this cross-eyed son of a gun a haven of refuge?" asked Jack, greatly puzzled.

Charlie slapped Blazer on the flank and winked.

"For one thing, La Donna is scared to death of him, and she wouldn't come within twenty yards of this place for the price of all the stock in the ranch. So here we can get a little peace. But when she starts right in on the war-path and won't quit and won't let up wanting you to do something no man can do, such as being here and at Healdsburg at once, just you take this pointer: turn Blazer adrift. It'll be an all day job to get him back, and three days more to mend gates and fences. Then you'll get a rest."

"The devil!" thought Jack. "I'll have a holy time here if this Johnny ain't piling it up with lies."

"And you sleep right close to the stable," said Charlie, as they went outside. "Here's your ranch, in this old house. You and the chief teamster, who is a Norwegian and a good man, do down below, and a dozen Italians pig it up above. And now I've given you a lead, I'll pull out for San Francisco myself. I'm going back to Ottawa for a spell."

So Jack pitched in and fed the horses, who eyed him askance at first, but soon tumbled to the fact that a new man was their overlord, and that he alone was to be greeted with whinnies when the racks were empty. His own particular mount was a little brown horse with black points, which had been given to the stableman because no one else could ride him, as Jack soon found out by his nearly bucking him off. However, as the new man could ride fairly well, he settled accounts with that broncho.

When he had finished in the stable he discovered five calves in a little corral near the big horse-corral. As they were without hay he carted them down a heavy barrow-load, and then went to interview the bull on his own account. Blazer received him with a savage roar of disapproval; but he was too tender about the nose gristle to put any strain on the rope. He just dug his horn into the side of his heavy stall and ripped out a big splinter to show how he felt in his mind.

"All right, sonny; we'll soon be friends," said Jack, and brought him in a pail of water. Blazer blew at it disdainfully; but at last condescended to drink a little. When his rack was filled he looked more contented, and stopped bellowing, and the stableman went off to view the harness. He found it in a deuce of a state, and virtuously resolved to start on it at once with water, and afterwards soft soap; but just then Wong came up.

"What your name, eh?"

"Jack, old man," said Bevis, who didn't like Chinamen, as a rule, but was quite ready to hope that Charlie's account of this particular one was true.

"Then, Jack, me got no wood."

"All right, sonny; I'll soon split you some."

But when he got to the wood-pile he found very little but vine-roots that the devil himself couldn't have split, especially with a shamefully blunt and gapped axe.

"I'll have to alter this, first of all," said Jack, and when he had scratched up a small pile for Wong, he sought out a grindstone, and having fixed up a treadle, put in the rest of the afternoon at grinding his axes. It took him two hours to get a wire edge on one, and the other was nearly as bad. The better of the two he carefully planted under his own bed, which showed he knew his business. And just then the sun was setting, and he saw a man whom he guessed to be the teamster coming home with four horses. He had been ploughing on the other side of the ranch, with a big gang plough, as he told Jack when the latter introduced himself, and helped him chuck the rotten old harness off the tired horses. His name was John Nansen, and he was a tall fair man with heaps of energy and a good temper.

"So far I'm in luck," thought Jack. "How many Italians are there here?" he asked.

"Just now there are ten. They are out in the vineyard or just coming back. The supper will be ready in half an hour."

"The other man said the Chinee cook was a good sort," said Jack interrogatively.

"You bet your life he is too," answered John; "but I guess he's too good for Mrs. Hope. He's as independent as a hog on ice."

For John had been in America twelve years, and spoke most excellent United States.

"And what sort of a woman is she?" asked Jack, a little anxiously.

"She's a rustler," said John drily. And the repetition of Charlie's phrase let Jack into the inwardness of the situation.

And then the Italians straggled into the yard, and made for the house by the stable. They were mostly Piedmontese, and very strong square men. The best looking, however, was a Neapolitan. Some of them talked English and some of them didn't. When Jack imagined his little knowledge of Italian might help him with them he soon found out his error, for their dialects knocked him endways.

But by now it was growing dark. Only up above on the barren height of Hope's Mountain the sunset shone redly. Suddenly a lamp gleamed from the house, and the supper-bell rang to call the men who were washing at a wooden spent, which filled the big horse-trough with water, and was supplied by a long flume from the creek running out of the wooded hills.

CHAPTER IV.

A RUSTLER.

The order of the day at Las Rosas was for a bell to ring at five o'clock in the morning to rouse the men out. At half-past five breakfast was on the table in the men's room just off the kitchen, and at six the bell rang again for work. After the lazy loafing life at San Francisco Jack revolted bitterly at these early hours. For it is easier to get up on the compulsion of bitter cold when one is sleeping out-of-doors than to turn out of warm blankets and a fairly comfortable bed. He always cursed life and the world and California when the bell rang or when Nansen gave him a shake to tell him that it was time to make a move; and he sulked till well after breakfast. Then he went to the stable and began the day by watering and feeding the horses.

After that he saddled the broncho, had a tussle with him, and rode a mile and a half for the cows. It took him half an hour to milk them, and then he turned their calves into the corral and started to split wood.

"Great Scott!" said Jack, "but this ought to be a healthy life. I wish that stove wasn't such a devouring dragon."

But he was a very fair chopper, and when the wood was decent he soon piled up sufficient for the day. Then he got on horseback again and took the cows out to the paddock, galloping home quickly.

Then came an hour's exercise with a fork in the stable. After that he washed a buggy and started on the harness. Every now and again Mrs. Hope came to inspect him, but she smiled benignly and looked so pleasant that Jack had doubts as to whether she was such a driver as the other man had made out.

"I wanted to tell you, Bevis, that you have to look after the sheep," she said. "Do you know anything about them?"

"I guess I know more about them than about anything else," said Jack, giving himself away. "I worked two years with them in Australia."

"Then that's all right," said his employer, "and very soon there may be no water on the other side. They'll have to come here for it then."

That didn't please Jack, but he said nothing. She went on to suggest that he might now and then use some of his

spare time in looking after the fences on the other side. And then she went to the cellar and interviewed the wine-maker.

"She's not a bad sort," said Jack; "but I don't see much prospect of spare time."

And when the dinner was over, and the bull soothed with half-a-dozen apples, he got on his horse and went over to survey the "other side."

He found more horses and catt'e in two paddocks; a three-hundred acre lot of barley, wheat, and oats, and a big melon-patch.

"Thank Jupiter I've nothing to do with the wheat and melons," he sighed, and he went round the fences. They all wanted mending badly, and here and there he propped up a rotten rail. When he got back, Mrs. Hope was looking for him to hitch a horse to the little buggy. He found the axles wanted grease, and there was none in the coach-house. She gave him some out of the store-room.

"You'll never keep it if you don't hide it, Bevis."

He found out she was right, for the teamsters stole it next day, and he nearly had a fight with an Italian before he could get it back.

When Mrs. Hope got in the buggy and drove off, she remarked that she would go into Healdsburg next day, and that he had better see if the tires of the wheels were right. He found they were loose on two, and had to take the wheels off and soak them in the creek. When he was at that job, the overseer Blake, whom he had not yet seen, came up.

He was a solid, stodgy-minded man, with a deep-seated grief somewhere, and he was as slow as molasses in January.

"You're the new stableman, eh?" he asked sadly, and Jack nodded.

"I'm the overseer," said his visitor. Then he walked off with his head down. Jack stared after him and grinned.

"By the holy frost! but you're a lively overseer, too—triple expansion, with 175 lb. in the H.P. cylinder. It's no wonder the Madam has to carry sail."

And so the days went on, but each day something new turned up.

"I wish you would just rake round the garden-path," said La Donna in a casual sort of way. And Jack did it. The next thing he found out was that he was a kind of gardener, too.

"Bevis, you haven't touched the garden for a week!" And then Jack scowled openly. She took no notice of that as long as he did what he was told. And do it he did, for he was set in the deadliest kind of way on making at least a hundred dollars. But in a month he began to think that he could hardly stick it.

One night he was outside their shanty with Nansen, who had become quite a pal of his, and they discussed matters.

"You're right, La Donna is a rustler," said Jack.

"She's got to be. Blake can't run things, and the place would go to thunder. And now the phylloxera is getting hold here."

"That's not my funeral," said Jack; "but I'm doggoned if I can stand much more. I'm on the run all the day. I had to mow this morning, and that meant sharpening a scythe. And Blake wanted the shoes taken off the old Claybank, and he actually didn't know how to throw a horse. And when you fellows want other horses it's I've got to fetch them and draft them out for you. And the water's giving out over the other side. That'll mean fetching the sheep up here at least every other day. And the first lamb came this morning. Hell!" said Jack, who was fagged out.

But he got through it somehow by gritting his teeth. And as the summer came on they used to sit outside late in the evening, and the Italians began singing. One night Lorenzo leaned out of his window and tried his voice on "Il balen." That brought back San Francisco and old Mac, and the opera and Stapleton, but most of all Pauline Camacho to Jack. He stood up and opened his mouth wide, and with a big rough baritone gave them the bit of the recitative "Caduto ogni ostacoli," and the Italians braved vociferously.

And next day, just as Jack was tearing his hair in the middle of the barn-lot, wondering what he should begin with next, Madam came whooping after him.

"Bevis, I want you to work round the house this morning; you must rake up the gravel paths and do the garden bed, and make things look nice."

Jack stared at her.

"I haven't got the time, Ma'am."

"Never mind; you must have the time."

Jack shook his head.

"I never groomed a horse yesterday, and they're singing out for hay now. And so's the bull, and the cows are not out yet. And the cook's got no wood. And the lambing's begun."

But like all women, she had the one thing in her head and she couldn't get it out.

"My niece is coming up this very afternoon, and there's no one else to do it," she said sharply.

"Can't you set one of the Italians at it?"

"They're all working in the vineyard."

So at last he caved and gave her an hour. Then he

flatly declined to do more, and went to look after the live-stock.

"Who's her niece?" he asked Nansen at dinner.

"She's a Miss Camacho," answered the Norwegian; "her sister married a Portugee."

"Thunder!" said Jack, and he ate no more dinner. About two o'clock he hitched up the two-horse buggy and Blake drove Mrs. Hope into town. The horses shone as they hadn't done for many months, and Jack had even gone so far as to black their hoofs.

"He works very well, don't you think?" said Mrs. Hope to Blake as they drove off.

"Very well," said Blake solemnly.

But Jack didn't work much that afternoon. He was wondering if it was Pauline who was coming, and if so, whether she would know him; and if she knew him, whether she would turn up her pretty nose at her aunt's stableman.

"I see now how I came here. Old Mac must be La Donna's cousin; or else his wife is," he said as he sat on the edge of his bed. "Oh, Lordy, but I wish I was rich or else a dead-beat. I feel as if I could write poetry, and that ought to get any stableman the sack. I wonder what she'll think? Well, I don't care, anyhow."

But he blacked his boots and put on a clean shirt and a red sash, and took his best hat, which had no holes in it. And giving Browny a brush down, he went over the other side to inspect the sheep and cattle. When he judged it about time for the buggy to be getting back, he lay low behind some trees and looked down the road.

"I'm the very worst kind of fool," said he, but he stayed, nevertheless, till he saw dust rise fast, and then he rode slowly towards the main gate. He timed it so as to be there just a minute ahead of the carriage, and bending down, he opened the gate. As they passed in he lifted his hat to Pauline.

"Who's that, aunt?" asked the girl.

"It's the stableman," said Mrs. Hope.

And then Jack galloped past them to open the other gate.

"I believe I've seen him before," said Pauline.

"Your uncle sent him up," said her aunt.

But Pauline did not place him. For when she had seen Jack he certainly did not look like a ranch hand. Though he was roughly dressed, he might have been anything.

But late at night, as she was walking in the garden, she heard someone singing—

Il balen del suo sorriso,

and though Mrs. Hope said it was probably Lorenzo, Lorenzo was then fast asleep, and the noise he made, though rhythmical, was certainly not music.

And the song brought back the early spring to Pauline. Though she did not know Jack as he was now, she did remember the Mr. Bevis who had come to tell her that "L'Africaine" was not to be played that afternoon. She hummed a bar or two of "Il balen" herself. For it echoed strangely in the still calm air, and the distance lent a quality of beauty to the voice of him that sang it.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Now that the "railway race" has quieted down, and now that the companies concerned rest content with the laurels they have won in the way of demonstrating how long-distance journeys may be very materially shortened in point of time, people are beginning to ask themselves if such rapid transit is consistent not merely with personal safety from accidents, but also with personal health. I heard accounts of ladies having alighted at their journeys' end from some of the racing trains in fits of hysterics; but this, of course, may be a mere *canard*. It does not require a racing express to jolt nervous subjects into an excited condition, and that high speeds enough are generated now and then in ordinary main-line expresses by way of making up lost time is a fact well known to every railway traveller. I suspect that in my frequent journeys I have many times been whirled over the world's surface at a speed even

those of the busiest commercial, who, at least, has his periods and intervals of rest. Speaking out of a tolerably full fund of experience, I should say that, given first-class travelling and a healthy body to start with, you may reckon upon very little disturbance of health indeed from a life largely spent on the line. I speak of first-class travelling, for I frankly confess that the comfort of the superior order of carriage means much to a constant patron of railways. There is less oscillation, and certainly less vibration in the first class, due, no doubt, to the better build of the carriages and to the padding of the seats.

Recent revelations regarding the nature and purity of the milk-supply, especially of some of the poorer districts of London, will not tend to ensure increase or confidence in the extension of sanitary supervision as it ought to be made to prevail. The *British Medical Journal* has been conducting a series of investigations into the quality of the milk consumed in the metropolis, and it is to be hoped

the lessons of the inquiry will not be allowed to pass unheeded by those responsible for the supervision of our food-products. Long ago in this column I raised the question (which had been forcibly brought under my notice by a firm of manufacturers) of the fraud perpetrated on the poor especially by the sale of "condensed milks," which were really skinned milk, and from which a large proportion of the necessary fat had been removed. The word "skinned" is printed in very small type on the labels of such brands, and the purchaser (often a poor mother requiring the milk for infant-feeding) is defrauded of the most precious constituent of the fluid. There is no remedy for such a state of matters save to forbid utterly the sale of all skinned milks.

Equally serious is the charge made against the purity of many samples of ordinary London milk analysed and bacteriologically examined. Of fifty samples, I learn that twenty-four were found to be injuriously altered by the addition of water, withdrawal of fat, mixing with separated milk, and like practices. Ten samples were sophisticated on a higher standard of quality in regard to fat, and three samples, otherwise good, were adulterated with boric acid; while eleven of the otherwise adulterated samples also contained this acid. No fewer than seventeen brands of "condensed" milk

showed the removal of fat to which I have already made allusion. These are results of serious character enough; but the examination of the milks by bacteriological processes revealed certain other characteristics deserving the attention of sanitary authorities, and of dairymen and milk-sellers at large.

In every sample of milk examined by Mr. Sydney Rowland there was found a certain germ, the *bacillus coli communis*, whereof it may be remarked that it dwells naturally in the intestine, and appears to be liable on occasion to develop disease-producing powers. At any rate, the mere fact of the presence in milk of this microbe is plain evidence of a want of care and cleanliness in dealing with milk-storage, and with milk-selling and milking processes all round. Unless the microbe in question is very much more widely distributed in nature than we have hitherto been led to believe, there is no escape from the conclusion that a much higher degree of cleanliness and care will require to be exercised by milkmen than appears to be the case at present, if we are to escape disease-production by means of milk. These revelations demonstrate to us the folly of regarding disease as a mysterious entity when its causes are as widely distributed as the latest story of the milk-pail shows them to be.



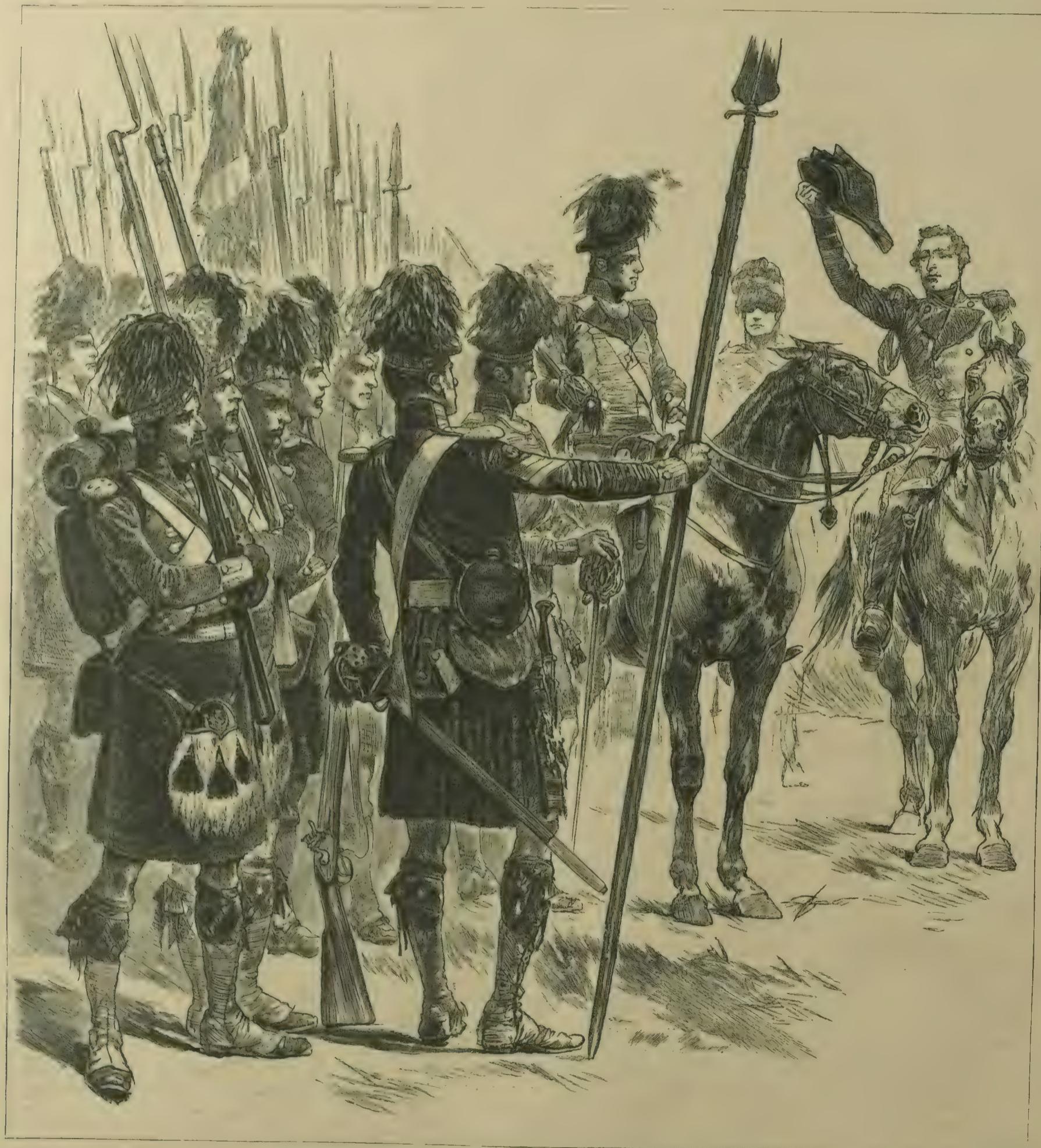
Jack galloped past them to open the other gate.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, NO. XIII.—CORUNNA.

The rising of Spain against Napoleon's treacherous seizure of the country for his brother Joseph had proved victorious for the moment; the victory at Vimiera and the Convention miscalled "of Cintra" freed Portugal from the French. Madrid was evacuated by the French armies, weakened as they were by the disaster of Dupont's surrender at Baylen,

money and arms were poured into Spain, but seldom reached the right quarters; and though Spanish armies gathered on the Ebro in some force, their generals wasted the time when their numbers were superior in aimless movements, which the French generals on the spot, themselves not too skilful, easily baffled. Meanwhile

brought back from the Baltic a force that had been sent to help Sweden, but had not acted, and he now applied himself to organising his scattered bodies of inexperienced troops into an army to support the Spaniards. The bulk of this army was at Lisbon, but another force was to land at Corunna. After a great struggle against all sorts of



SIR JOHN MOORE: "My brave Highlanders, you have still your bayonets; remember Egypt!"

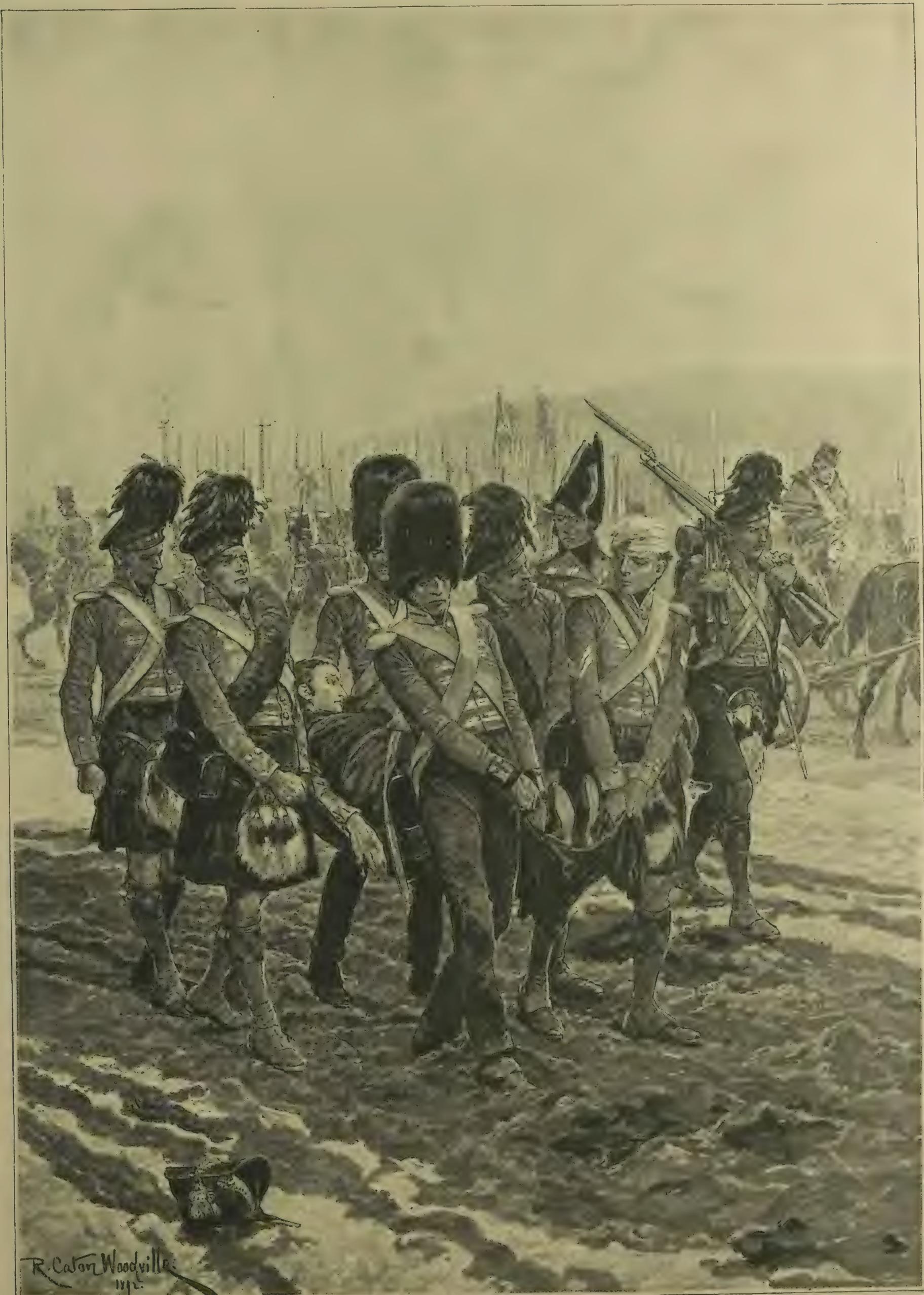
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

and feeling unable to maintain their ground in a hostile country. For a time they were thrown on the defensive. In Catalonia their power was limited to Barcelona, and farther north they held only the line of the Ebro. Here, however, Joseph Bonaparte collected some fifty thousand good troops, a force that might have defied the motley Spanish armies, whose unskilled generals and undisciplined soldiers had gained successes rather by good fortune than by any prowess of their own. English

Napoleon was hurrying his troops across France, resolved not only to defeat, but to crush and subdue all opposition; and in November 1808 he burst, with a force as superior in numbers as in discipline and experience, on the scattered Spanish forces and their inefficient and discordant commanders.

The English force that had triumphed at Vimiera was now under Sir John Moore, a veteran officer who had distinguished himself in the Egyptian Expedition. He had

difficulties—lack of money, bad roads, misinformation and stupidity on the part of his supposed allies—Moore got under weigh from Lisbon through Almeida with some twenty thousand men, his artillery and cavalry moving by a southern route, as the roads north of the Tagus were falsely reported impassable for guns. Sir David Baird, with some ten thousand more, was to come from Corunna, but was long delayed there by Spanish slowness. The main columns of the English army were still far from their



CARRYING SIR JOHN MOORE FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

intended meeting-place at Salamanca when the huge French host was let loose on Spain.

Napoleon took command in person at Vittoria on Nov. 8, 1808. On Nov. 10, Soult destroyed a Spanish force at Gamonal, and seized Burgos, and next day Victor routed Blake's northern Spanish army at Espinosa, and the French cavalry swept over the plains unresisted. The southern Spanish armies, remaining on the Ebro in ignorance of these defeats, were scattered at Tudela on Nov. 23 by Lannes, who followed up his victory by the famous siege of Saragossa. On Dec. 1 the pass of the Somosierra, on the road to Madrid, was carried by a dash of Polish cavalry, and the French troops poured on to Madrid; and the capital, after a couple of days' resistance, surrendered on Dec. 4. The Spanish armies had been dashed out of existence in a few days, and in the moment of panic no resistance was to be looked for, save in one or two heroic towns. Andalusia and the south lay open, and the French were nearer Lisbon than Moore's army.

Sir John Moore had reached Salamanca with part of his force when he heard of the rout of the Spanish northern army. Before he could concentrate his own division there, the southern army was also beaten; and at first he resolved to fall back on Portugal, sending Baird's troops back by sea. Hope, commanding the separate convoy of artillery, contrived with great skill and boldness to evade the advancing French and move across their front to Salamanca. The situation was one in which a swift resolve must be taken. The Spanish armies were destroyed, the French on the point of overrunning Portugal and the south. Should Moore fall back on Lisbon or still try to help Spain in her extremity? Napoleon had 300,000 men in Spain, Moore only a tenth of that number. Yet he chose the bolder and more generous course, and advanced against the great French line of supply that passed through the north of Spain. A blow here, he rightly judged, would paralyse the whole great host of the Emperor; and an opportunity seemed to offer, for Napoleon, believing Moore to be in retreat, had left only Soult, with a small force, to cover his communications. Moore pushed on towards Valladolid, and his cavalry had successful skirmishes with the French.

But the daring march soon brought its intended result. Napoleon, on hearing of the advance of Moore, instantly turned on his steps, and poured fifty thousand men northwards, through snow and hail, to cut off the English. But he was too late. Moore, knowing that he could not face a force double his own, retreated swiftly as soon as Napoleon's march was told him. The French cavalry were quick to follow, but were rudely checked in several fights, the famous Lefebvre Desnouettes being captured.

Napoleon entered Astorga on New Year's Day, 1809, a day after Moore had left it. The intended prey had escaped him; and, leaving Soult with a force about equal to Moore's to pursue him, he hurried back to France to meet the storm threatening from Austria.

Moore could not but continue his retreat. Galicia, a poor, wild, and valueless country, was not worth holding; and his army was needed farther south to shield Portugal

or Andalusia. Even had he gained a victory over Soult, Ney was following on Soult with another corps, and the battle would have been useless. Moore's soldiers, however, were young, inexperienced, and reckless; and English military discipline was then apt to give way under the strain of retreat. The soldiers straggled and plundered; stores and treasure had to be abandoned for lack of transport; yet all attacks were vigorously repelled, and when Moore faced round on his pursuers at Lugo and offered battle, the stragglers returned to the ranks. Soult drew up before the English position, but did not attack; and Moore's provisions failing, he had once more to decamp,

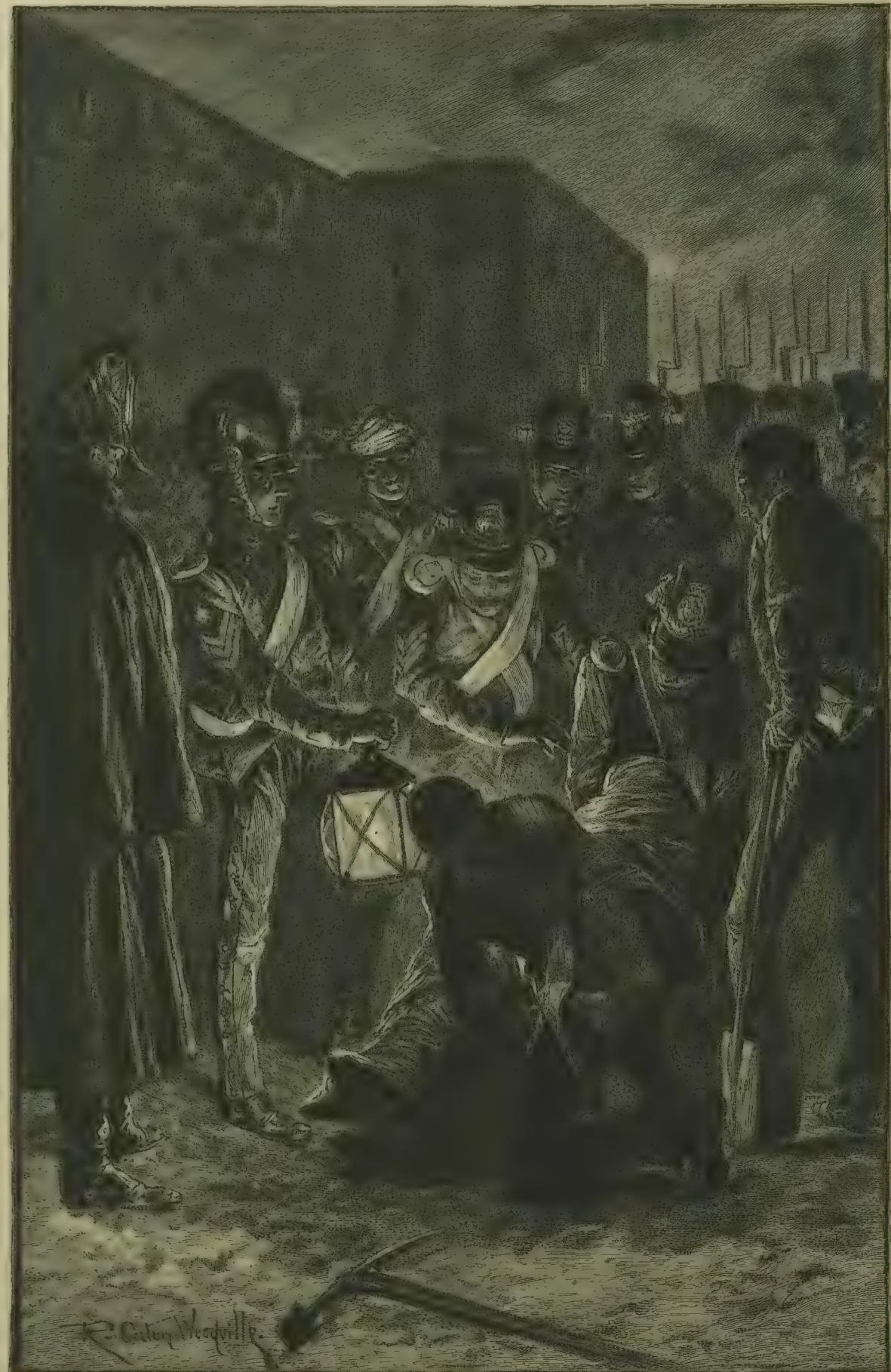
resolved on an attack. Forming a heavy battery on his left at the extremity of the ridge he occupied, he sent his troops forward against the parallel ridge in three columns, while his cavalry pushed down the valley on his left towards Corunna. Elvina, a village in front of the British right, was carried by the French. Moore resolved to meet the attack on his right with a counter-stroke. Baird, commanding the line on the ridge above Elvina, threw back his right to baffle the flanking attack, and the reserve under Paget fell on the French in the valley from the other side. The 50th and 42nd regiments made for Elvina, and drove out the French; but the Black Watch retired through a mistake in an order, and the French again recovered the village in part. Moore rode to the 42nd, and telling the Highlanders to "remember Egypt," sent them back into Elvina, and in a furious hand-to-hand fight the village was finally carried.

As Moore sat on his horse watching the fight, he was struck by a cannon-ball, that shattered his left shoulder, arm, and side. Yet he sat up on the ground and looked for a moment at the advance of his men; then he was carried to the rear in a blanket by soldiers, refusing to let his sword be taken off. Like Douglas at Otterbourne, a dead man was to win the fight. The French attacks were beaten back by the deadly fire of the English, who had found new muskets and fresh ammunition at Corunna; the reserve, pushing up the valley, was threatening the French battery on the ridge; everywhere Soult's troops were giving way, and his ammunition—but this his enemies did not know—was almost gone. A resolute attack might have hurled the French into the river Mero; but night was falling, Moore was dying, Baird wounded, and Hope, now in command, preferred not to stake the army on the chance of a barren triumph.

The troops were withdrawn and embarked in the night and during the next morning, and though molested by a French battery, the fleet sailed. Sir John Moore had died in the town during the night, firm and calm to the last, and only anxious that his country might be satisfied and might do him justice. The body, wrapped in a cloak, was buried in the citadel of Corunna, which was held till Jan. 18, to cover the retreat of the last English soldiers.

The fight at Corunna was not important in itself, except as enabling

the English army to embark without disaster; the loss was not very heavy—a thousand killed and wounded out of Moore's army of some fifteen thousand, thrice as many out of Soult's larger force. But it may be said that Moore's daring advance and skilful retreat saved Spain. At the time when he reached Salamanca there seemed no power to oppose the French. Napoleon, with 300,000 men, was overwhelming all opposition. Moore's intervention drew back Napoleon and the best of his forces to the north; then the impending Austrian War summoned the Emperor and the best of his troops back to Germany, and the paralysis of the Spaniards passed away. It was Moore's advance and retreat and his dying victory that made Wellington's successes possible; had he suffered disaster, there would have been no Peninsular campaigns for a successor. Sir John Moore's life was costly; but it won almost as great a prize as Nelson's.—A. R. R.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE IN THE CITADEL OF CORUNNA.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

To avoid pursuit, the march was by night; but a storm came on, the columns lost their way, and many hundreds were lost by straggling.

The fleet had been ordered to Corunna, where Moore's forces now arrived; but the wind still kept the ships at Vigo. However, preparations were made to embark; the powder that could not be used or removed was exploded; the worn-out horses shot, and the troops took up a position on a ridge south of Corunna, and covering the harbour. Soult's forces, gradually crossing the river Mero, in front of the town, occupied a ridge parallel to the English position. On Jan. 14 the fleet arrived, and next day Moore sent his sick, his remaining horses, and his artillery on board, keeping only nine guns. On the night of Jan. 16 it was intended that the British infantry should embark; but Soult's forces were now assembled, and he

SEA FISHING.

Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson, the general editor of the Badminton Library, and the Duke of Beaufort are certainly to be congratulated on the writers they have selected for this, to the sportsman, most delightful series of books. John Bickerdyke has not only a good general practical knowledge of sea-fishing round our coasts, but has also the gift of imparting his knowledge in such a pleasant and interesting manner that his contribution to the great "Library of Sport" is equal to any that have appeared in it. His book alone would have taken its place as our standard work on sea-fishing with rod and line—a branch of sport growing yearly in popular favour, thanks in a great measure to John Bickerdyke's able advocacy of its delights; but in addition we have a lucid general chapter on some Antipodean and foreign fish by Mr. William Senior, angling editor of the *Field*; a contribution by Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth on fishing for Tarpon, the great game-fish of Florida estuaries; and one on "Whaling," by Sir H. W. Gore-Booth, Bart., so that this volume* is not only one of the best, but also one of the biggest of the series.

Before referring more particularly to some of the chapters, let it be noted at once that the general get-up of the volume is admirable, the illustrations being exceptionally good and abundant. By the courtesy of the publisher we are able to give specimens of them.

Until very recently by the term "sea fishing" was meant some form of hand-line fishing, and the majority of amateurs who "went in" for it considered it a waste of time to use a rod and folly to fish with fine tackle. There have, of course, been exceptions, and we know many good fresh-water anglers who used the Nottingham reel, a strong short rod, and gut tackle in salt-water fishing, years before John Bickerdyke was born; all the same it is undoubtedly due chiefly to his able little manual, "Angling in Salt Water," published some years ago by Mr. Upcott Gill, that rod fishing in the sea is becoming more popular, and here are the author's reasons why it should be so.

"What," he asks, "are the general advantages of a rod in sea fishing? I will answer the question here at the outset, because it will be one of the first asked by the sea fisherman of the old school. As a matter of fact, the rod plays much the same part in the sea as it does in fresh water. In the first place, it enables a reel to be used. Not only is it more pleasant to wind up a long wet line on a reel than to handle it, but the chance of bringing into the boat any large fish which is hooked is very much greater when there is an abundance of spare line on the reel with which he can be played. If we use a hand-line, it must be of considerable substance or it will cut our hands; but the thicker the line, the greater the resistance of the water on the line, and the heavier the leads which must be used. Therefore hand-lining necessitates not only stouter line, but a heavier lead than is required if rod and reel are used. A fine line and comparatively light lead are, then, two important advantages arising out of the use of rod and reel. My favourite line is much the same as the anglers of the Trent use for pike—undressed twisted silk. An old fisherman to whom I promised a hundred yards if he could break it cut his hand deeply in the attempt, and failed; and I take it that when new, assuming there is enough of it, the largest cod that is to be found round our coasts could be killed on it without great difficulty.

"Secondly, the spring of the rod and yielding of the line prevent many a fish from breaking the tackle at the first or subsequent rushes. Imagine a large, vigorous, fresh-run salmon on a hand-line! Snap would go the stoutest gut in an instant. Even if the line were not broken, the hook would be torn from the jaws of the fish. What prevents a disaster is the spring of the rod and the free yielding of the line which rolls off the screeching reel. In the sea are fish not a bit less fierce in their first rush than salmon. A big bass will sometimes make a glorious run when first hooked, and so will a large grey mullet; while the downward bolt for its home among the rocks and weeds of the pollack is a thing which would startle even a salmon-fisherman. If we are using a hand-line, we have to pay it out in clumsy fashion between thumb and first finger. We get our hands cut, and as likely as not the loose coils of line catch in something and the fish breaks away. If the tackle is so very stout that it will hold the fish, then the hook may tear out; and if the water is at all clear and the day not very rough, we catch very few fish, because of that same stoutness and visibility of line.

"Thirdly, on a rough day the hand-liner's lead responds to every movement of the boat and dances a wild jig just above the bottom of the sea. With the rod, on the other hand, the lead can, as a rule, be kept still on the bottom. Though the butt end of the rod shifts with every movement of the boat and the angler, the rod point can be maintained in one position without much difficulty. When angling for some species of fish

the advantages of being able to keep lead and bait steady are great."

We fancy that some hand-line fishermen of the old school would be able to cross-examine Mr. Bickerdyke pretty severely respecting some of the claims he advances on behalf of the rod. "Spare the rod and spoil the sea-angler" is his text, but he forgets that in his "secondly," above quoted, he seems to infer that fish as game and as

If a line is properly plaited, i.e., not too tightly, it is quite as strong as a twisted one and much less liable to kink.

In his "Introduction" the author takes a general survey of the subject in a most pleasant and interesting manner, giving much sound advice as to the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of "how to handle a tiller, hoist or lower a sail, and take a turn to windward," for, as he says, curious accidents sometimes happen. It is, as he quaintly

puts it, "a very unpleasant thing should the boatman be disabled by a sudden illness or tumble overboard" if his employer cannot take the tiller or otherwise render assistance. The second chapter is entitled "Round the British and Irish Coasts," and contains some useful hints as to where to go for sea fishing; but we agree with the author that a trustworthy guide to the sea fishing to be had round our coasts would be very useful, and is not to be had. One great difficulty is that sea fish are so uncertain in their movements. You read in some local guide that "bass are plentiful," and go a hundred miles to try for them, only to find that bass were plentiful formerly, but now the capture of one is an event. Chapters II. and III. are well illustrated descriptions of whipping, knots, hooks, baits, etc. Chapter V. is devoted to "Fly-Fishing in the Sea," a branch of the art which holds out more attractions to the trout and salmon angler than any other, but which unfortunately is very rarely to be had of a really satisfactory nature. As our author says, "Fly-fishing in the sea is a lottery. There is more of it than most people suppose, but there is no kind of sea fishing more uncertain." In another place he says, "Never on salmon river or trout stream have I enjoyed more splendid fly-fishing than has fallen to my lot from Filey Brigg (Yorkshire). Sometimes so eager were the fish that if one missed the fly another was hooked immediately afterwards. It was simply a fight against time and a rising tide." How various are the ideas of what constitutes good sport! Our salmon and trout fishing readers will probably think that pulling in sea fish which fight for the bait in this way has more of fun than sport. Chapters VI., VII., and VIII., deal with sea fishing from the land or a pier, from small boats and from large boats and yachts. Chapter IX. gives an illustrated and very clear description of Captain Nowell's "Ocean Fishing-Rod," an ingenious arrangement for catching fish from a steamer going at the rate of from eight to twelve knots by means of a rod or boom forty to forty-five feet in length, projecting out from the side of the ship and held in position by ropes. A very strong line with artificial bait is worked from the end of this pole, and to this line above the bait a hauling-line is attached for pulling in a fish which has taken the bait. Captain Nowell, the inventor, says:

"There is nothing expensive about the gear, and the whole thing is very simple when you understand how to rig it up. It does seem a pity that so many men should go on ploughing the ocean year after year under the impression that it is quite impossible to catch fish from a steamer under way. Apart from the sport itself, nothing can be more welcome to crew and passengers than fresh fish." He has taken over two hundredweight of fish in a day with his "ocean fishing-rod," and every long ocean voyage steamer ought to be provided with one of these poles and the necessary "tackle," as well as a copy of this book as a guide in fishing it. Chapter X. describes "low-water shell-fish and conger hunting, prawning, and shrimping." The next three deal exhaustively with sea fish generally and the baits, tackles, and methods of fishing for them. Chapter XIV. is by Mr. William Senior, and is entitled "The Sea Fisher in Foreign Parts," and his very good advice to the traveller to foreign parts who carves about fishing is to "assume that any salt water in which he may cast anchor will be worth a trial." At Singapore he met a young Englishman who had laid down this theory on the chance of what it would bring who declared that the unexpected hours of sport he enjoyed well rewarded him for all the trouble he took. Mr. Senior, in his chatty chapter, travels over a great part of the waters of our world, telling us what we may expect from Nova Zembla to New Zealand, with careful warning not to expect much anywhere, or, if anywhere, to remember there is often some drawback, such as obstreperous winds, or sharks if you fall overboard. In contrast to Mr. Senior's world-wide wanderings is Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth's fascinating chapter on "Tarpon Fishing in the Gulf of Mexico," an account of a fish and a method of fishing which may both in truth be said to be unique. The tarpon, or silver king, is an immense herring-like fish found in the Gulf of Mexico; it is fished for with a short stout bamboo rod, and about two hundred yards of fine flax-line—not stouter than many anglers here use for pike—on a multiplier reel of special make, and

costing five or six pounds for a good one. The tarpon is an immensely strong fish, grows to hundreds of pounds in weight, and fights from the moment it is hooked until it is gaffed or breaks away. From all accounts, fishing for the silver king must be fine and fascinating sport. Fancy hooking a fish weighing twelve or fourteen stone, which comes up with a rush and jumps right over the boat you are fishing from! It is almost as exciting as whale-fishing, described by Sir H. W. Gore-Booth, Bart., in the last chapter of this in every way admirable book.—R. B. MARSTON



A WELL-KNOWN HAUNT OF BASS.

(From "Sea Fishing," the new volume of the Badminton Library. Longmans.)

large as salmon are not caught on hand-lines, whereas for one caught with the rod ten thousand are caught with the hand-line. He admits that the drawback to the use of the rod is that in sea-fishing you must use a heavy weight if you fish deep in a strong current, and that to wind up a heavy weight at the end of a rod is hard work—in many places, of course, the leads used have to be so heavy that the use of any rod, however short it may be, is out of the question. We would point out also that much of the best sea fishing is done at night, and to use a rod either from the shore or in a boat after dusk is a nuisance—at least that is our experience, especially if the night is dark and the weather rough. In many forms of sea fishing the amateur will undoubtedly get more sport, even if he does not catch more fish, by using a rod; and we merely wish



"AN HOUR OF THIS SPORT WILL SUFFICE TO FILL A GOOD-SIZED BASKET."

(From "Sea Fishing," the new volume of the Badminton Library. Longmans.)

to refer to the view of the amateur sea-fisher of the old school, who can tell his tale of many a great conger, cod or bass, pollack or turbot killed on a hand-line and salmon-gut, and who rather ridicules the use of a rod.

In the matter of lines for use with a reel in salt water we agree with our author that the best is probably an undressed Nottingham silk line like that used by pike-anglers, only we prefer it plaited and not twisted, and venture to dispute the statement that, size for size, a twisted line is "infinitely stronger" than a plaited one.

* *Sea Fishing.* By John Bickerdyke, with contributions on "Antipodean and Foreign Fish," by W. Senior; "Tarpon," by A. C. Harmsworth; and "Whaling," by Sir H. W. Gore-Booth, Bart. Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. (new volume in the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes).



THE 42nd HIGHLANDERS DRIVING THE FRENCH OUT OF ELVINA.

Drawn by A. Coton Woodville.

A LOVER OF HORSES.

We all know, from copy-book head-lines, that "the horse is a noble animal," but many people do not progress further than this general eulogy. An exception must be made in the case of Mr. Tom S. Jay, who has for many years been doing good work in the improvement of the breed of horses. He is fond of hunting, and therefore has directed much of his attention to encouraging good staying powers as well as pace in hunters.

In Sussex, he and his daughters may often be seen, always well mounted, in hot pursuit of the wily fox. Years ago Mr. Jay used to enjoy a steeplechase, but now that he has given hostages to fortune, he feels that it is rather too risky for a man of his age and weight. However, to show that he is still active in this department of sport, one may mention that only the other day he won a point-to-point race for heavy-weights at Slinfold. Mr. Jay can look back with satisfaction on various prizes which his horses have won at shows. For instance, there is Countess, as finely shaped a mare as you would wish to see, which carried off the first prize for hunters at the Bath Show in 1894. This year, too, his Gem of Gems, a thoroughbred hack by Bacchus, dam Zita, by Chippendale, was acclaimed the winner of a first prize for hacks at the Islington Show. Another winner belonging to Mr. Jay is Lord Beverley, who was successful last year in the class of weight-carrying hacks. The photograph which we reproduce does not clearly show the great depth of girth which Lord Beverley possesses.

Mr. Jay inherits his sporting instincts from his father, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Jay, who was a member of the Honourable Artillery Company for fifty-three years. It was Lieutenant-Colonel Jay's enthusiasm and generosity that were responsible for the establishment of a troop of Horse Artillery in connection with that famous corps.

Mr. Tom Jay is a good shot, and, indeed, an all-round sportsman. A visit to his charming home at Putney Hill will speedily convince anyone that he is a man who happily knows how to warm both hands at the fire of life.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I do not know the new Commander-in-Chief of the English land forces. I saw him once or twice in my life, but that is many years ago, and in military matters of the magnitude involved in the supreme command of a great army I am afraid I should prove an incompetent critic. But I believe to a great extent in physiognomy, and if Viscount Wolseley be not a very clever man, he ought to bring an action for libel against his face, for he looks decidedly clever. If there were any doubt in my mind about his ability it would be set at rest by the not very enthusiastic remarks in connection with his appointment I read in one or two French newspapers. "You are an irritable people, envious, jealous, and proud to a degree," said Bismarck to General de Wimpffen on Sept. 1, 1870, at about eleven p.m. (five-and-twenty years ago, almost hour for hour). "You are an irritable people, envious, jealous, and proud to a degree," he repeated. "You were under the impression that victory is an appanage which was exclusively reserved to you."

Has the quarter of a century gone by since those words were uttered made a difference in that respect in the French people? I should not like to say. Of one thing I feel, however, convinced: the hostile remarks which have been called forth in certain French quarters with regard to Viscount Wolseley's appointment prove to me that the

appointment is the right one as far as English interests are concerned. If the French were less certain of Viscount Wolseley's fitness for the post there would have been not only less carping, but probably a great deal of glowing approval.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to look at the two men against whom the English Commander-in-Chief will be pitted if a quarrel should ever unhappily break forth in Europe. I am alluding to the Commanders-in-Chief of the Russian and the French forces.

The Russian army contains several men of unquestionable capacities; nevertheless, there appears to be a consensus of opinion that, in the event of a war, with no matter whom, the supreme command would virtually devolve upon General Obroucheff, to the exclusion even of General Kourapatine. I say virtual command, for, nominally, young Nicholas II. would be at the head of his legions.

Having declared myself at the outset incapable of judging the English Commander-in-Chief from a military point of view, I am not going to stultify myself by endeavouring to do this in the case of Obroucheff. I only repeat what I have heard. Until very recently the chief of Vannowski's staff and aide-de-camp-general Obroucheff was, in spite of his recognised talents, looked askance at in Russian military circles. The epithet "red" was

Wherever the scene of the next European campaign of the French may be laid, General Felix-Gustave Saussier, the present Military Governor of Paris, is beforehand designated as the leader. Saussier is close upon seventy; to be correct, he is in his sixty-eighth year. In spite of his huge size, he is very active; but for that size, he would give one the idea of a mousquetaire of the Louis XIV. period dressed in modern uniform. There is no doubt about his value as a soldier, which does not always mean an equal value as a supreme commander; but it is fair to state that in the battles around Metz, a quarter of a century ago, he distinguished himself most signally. The famous infantry charge at Saint-Privat, which practically barred the progress of the Germans on that side, was led by him.

Saussier was one of the officers who signed the protest against the surrender of Metz. Having refused to pledge himself not to serve again during the campaign, he was sent as prisoner of war to Cologne. Nor would he give his promise not to escape, consequently he was transported to a small town on the Vistula (Grandenz, I believe), and absolutely sequestered—without effect, for he made his escape after all.

He allowed Gambetta to remain ignorant of all this, as well as of his Republican origin, and the "great tribune," whose infallible instinct has been vaunted so much, only looked upon Saussier as a colonel of the Empire, and treated him as such. After that Saussier went once more to



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.

MR. TOM SIMPSON JAY.



HOLMWOOD, PUTNEY HILL, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. T. S. JAY.

invariably tacked to his name as late as fifteen years ago, and the third section of the Imperial Chancellerie, without troubling to inquire into the matter, placed him on the list of "dangerous" men "to be watched very closely." A note like that from the Russian police becomes practically indelible, and aide-de-camp-general though he was, not the slightest attempt was made to efface his name from the list. After his exploits on the Danube, Loris Melikoff drew the attention of Alexander II. to this apparently flagrant injustice, to this permanent insult. The name was maintained on the list for all that, but the epithet was changed from "red" into "well-meaning."

Obroucheff has married a Frenchwoman, and is a declared partisan—or supposed to be—of an alliance with France. His views in that respect date from 1870, when he was an obscure general. I repeat, about his abilities there is little or no doubt. After the first checks in the Turko-Russian campaign he was sent in hot haste to the Danube, and he is credited with having saved the Russian army from total destruction. Before that, though, he had already become the intimate friend of the heir to the throne, and the friendship underwent no diminution during Alexander the Third's reign.

Algeria. Saussier, I should say, has had more fighting than any general in the French army, but it would be rash to say that this made him a strategist. A brilliant soldier he was, and is still, in spite of his age; and as he was barely forty when France suffered her reverses, he may have profited by them. To many in France herself he is an unknown quantity. These are the two men a comparison with whom and Viscount Wolseley it would be profitable to establish; but I mean a technical comparison.

Probably there has been no previous instance of a member of Parliament addressing the House one hour and five minutes after he had signed its roll for the first time, yet this is what has earned for Mr. Farrell a distinction greater than of having been elected for West Cavan; and, moreover, the maiden speech of the hon. member on Aug. 29 was an excellent one, and earned a special compliment from the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Can it be that Mr. Farrell hopes to supplant the several gentlemen who are leading the Irish party? At all events, he has shown no bashful modesty in thus hastening to give the House of Commons a sample of his oratory. Mr. Farrell spoke for half an hour on a topic which he evidently understood.



MR. T. S. JAY'S WEIGHT-CARRYING HACK, LORD BEVERLEY.



MR. T. S. JAY'S THOROUGH-BRED HACK, GEM OF GEMS.



THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT IPSWICH: VIEWS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.



"J'Y SUIS, J'Y RESTE."

A VISIT TO TAFILET.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

VII.—THE JOURNEY HOME.

After nine days' stay in Taflet, I left the Sultan's camp on my return journey. Happily, I was to suffer none of the hardships I had experienced in getting there, though with all the luxuries of a camp like Kaid Maclean's the journey is by no means an easy one. The Sultan had taken advantage of the fact that Kaid Maclean was leaving the camp for Morocco to entrust me to his care, and to see that I did not diverge from the road and go off exploring elsewhere. I was only too pleased to fall in with this plan as, although recovering, I was still ill and weak; and had I been left to my own resources to find my way back, I doubt if I should ever have succeeded, for we experienced such cold that without the protection of tents and some of the smaller luxuries of life I doubt if my health would have stood it. It must be remembered that I had arrived in Taflet with only a donkey, no luggage; and the sole clothing I possessed was what I stood up in—rags. Early on the morning of Nov. 24 we left the camp in the cold grey dawn, the temperature considerably below freezing, and, taking a north-westerly direction, passed through the desert hills to the north of Dar-el-Baida, and entered the plain. Instead of being on foot as I had come, I had purchased a pony and a Moorish saddle, and so was able to keep up with the caravan of Kaid Maclean and his mounted soldiers. Passing through the oasis of Tizimi and crossing the Wad Ziz near that spot, we joined the road I had come by at Jérif, and at sunset reached Oul Touroug, where we camped for the night. Although Kaid Maclean is a high official in his Sheréefian Majesty's army, and bore letters from the Sultan to the Governors of all the districts, we were none too cordially received, and his soldiers, who entered the "zaouia," had to fly for their lives from the crowd, who wanted to flog them for being in the employ, or service, of a Christian. As for us, we camped outside and did not enter the "ksar," but we were obliged to keep a large guard watch all night, as the natives were by no means friendly, and we half expected an attack. Before dawn we were off, and spent the night at Ferkla, a shorter march than that of the day before, which had been over forty miles.

At Ferkla we found the people better inclined, and the letter from the Sultan to the Governor was expected, and

a large village of that oasis. Very pretty were the groves of date-palms, with the river running through their midst, here gliding along in deep, clear pools, here falling in sparkling cascades over the boulders and rocks. The villages—"ksour," they call them—of Todghrá are large, and well built of native concrete ("tabia"), and present much the same appearance as those of Dads and elsewhere, the great square houses being flanked by corner towers considerably higher than the main building.

to Dads and travel with him in other unexplored regions—a wish I heartily responded to.

From Imasin to Askoura was a short march, but our animals were tired, and provisions had been difficult to obtain for the soldiers and men, so Kaid Maclean decided to stop there in order to give both a rest, and to make sure of obtaining food. It was before noon that we arrived and pitched our tents in a garden near the great house of a local sheik, who, as his Governor, the Kaid of Glawa, was at that time at Askoura, received us hospitably and brought some food for ourselves and for our men, and barley for the animals, though the latter in such small quantities that we had to send to all the villages round and buy a little from here and a little from thither. However, the rest was very acceptable, though it was both Kaid Maclean's desire and mine to push on as fast as possible, and shake from our feet the dust of these inhospitable regions, where the sun by day and the frost by night seemed likely to kill us, our men, and animals.

Agurzga, with its castles perched high on the rocks overlooking the river, was our next camp, and here an amusing episode happened. I had passed through and camped at this very spot a few weeks before in the disguise of a poor but holy Shereef, and now the natives recognised me, and asked me if it was not so. When I informed them they were correct, they could scarcely restrain their laughter, and thought the joke one of the best they had ever heard. So far from appearing annoyed, these good Berbers of the Atlas grasped me by the hand, laughing and telling each other of my imposture. The final touch was given when I drew out the string of wooden beads I had carried round my neck, and began to "tell" them in true Moslem style, and then their merriment knew no bounds.

From Agurzga we began the ascent of the Atlas, and pushing on with a long day's travel we reached the kasbah of the Kaid of Glawa the same night. I had carefully avoided this castle on my journey down, and was glad now of the opportunity of seeing it. Certainly it is one of the finest of the Governors' residences of Morocco, being built almost entirely of solid stone, and in character not unlike the Tower of London. Huge buttresses and towers project in every direction, and the whole building has a most imposing appearance. It stands above the Wad Marghen, in the plain of Teluet, at an elevation of slightly under six thousand feet above the sea-level. The whole scene, with the frowning fortress in the foreground, is one of desolation, the valley being entirely shut in by high rocky mountains and snowclad peaks. The Berbers of the district appear to be very poor, a fact scarcely to be wondered at considering the small quantity of soil there is suitable for cultivation, and the great altitude of the place. The cold during the night was intense, and men and animals all suffered, the former in spite of the fact that they lit fires in their tents.



AGURZGA.

A "sôko" was being held near Taurirt—one of those weekly markets which are so common all over Morocco. The market-place was an open level piece of ground close to the village, which projected into it at one part. Round the square were the booths where goods were exposed for sale, little clay huts with pointed dome roofs, looking for all the world like beehives. In most "sôkos" small awnings of canvas are used for stalls, the goods being exposed upon the ground, but here the heat of the sun necessitates more solid covering, and these circular hovels have been erected instead. As we rode through the market a crowd quickly gathered round Kaid Maclean, whose semi-Moorish uniform attracted attention, but, though curious, the natives seemed polite, though their remarks were unintelligible to us owing to their speaking nothing but Shelta.

We camped for the night in a large walled enclosure, close to the encampment of the Kaid of Demnat, who, though his capital is away on the north side of the Atlas, governs this province. He was here now in order to meet the Sultan, who had left Taflet the same day as we had, but was travelling more slowly, owing to the business he had to carry out on the road, and the presence of so large a number of men and such a quantity of impedimenta.

From Todghrá a ride of thirteen hours brought us to a village near Zaouia Ait Bou Haddou at Dads. We arrived after dark, and so cold was it that even within an hour of sunset all the small streams and pools were frozen. This was perhaps the coldest night we experienced, the outer flap of the tent in which we were sleeping being frozen solid.

Arrival at Dads meant the picking up of my tent, baggage, and my two mules, which I had left there on my journey to Taflet, and I soon discarded my newly bought pony with his uncomfortable Moorish saddle for the luxurious seat on the back of a pack-mule, whose gait was preferable; while with a mattress and a pillow I formed a most comfortable lounge.

From Dads we proceeded to Imasin, where we spent the night. The natives were not over friendly, but when they found that we would purchase walnuts and almonds, the produce of the local gardens, for our men, they came quickly enough to the tents, and soon made friends with our men.

Here I parted with my guide, who had successfully carried out his word of taking me to Taflet. He was a native of Dads, and there we had requisitioned his services on my journey. He returned as far as Imasin with me, and would have come farther, but I paid him off here and sent him back to his home. An excellent fellow he had proved himself to be, and we parted sincere friends, he repeating over and over again his wish that I should return



SHOPS AT BAB KHEMIS, MOROCCO CITY.

The next day we crossed the Tizi N'Glawi, the Pass over the Atlas, at an altitude of 8150 ft. The ascent was long and tedious, but the fact that we had reached the top filled us all with keen satisfaction, for we knew, although we were travelling north, that warmth and plenty lay before us. The bright sunshine was sufficient to keep the atmosphere at a tolerable temperature, though snow lay all round us, and every puddle was solid ice. At one spot a beautiful sight met our eyes. A slowly running waterfall had frozen, and hung in immense icicles from the rocks above, the whole glistening and sparkling in the sunshine. What a view it is from the top of the Glawi Pass! Away to the north one looks down the valley of the Wad Ghadat, the upper part bare rock and snow, the lower clothed in



A STREET IN MOROCCO CITY.

we were hospitably entertained. The cold at night was intense, and when we left before dawn even the slowly running water in the irrigating canals was frozen. So intense was the frost that it was impossible to ride, and we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. So far, we had followed the same road as I had come by; but at mid-day we left the south road, and, turning off at Tabsibast, proceeded through the palm-groves of Todghrá to Taurirt,

vegetation. Farther away, one's eyes roamed over the plain of the Tensift, beyond which are visible the hills of Rahama. This to the north; to the south, range after range of bare rocky undulating hills, wanting in colour and in outline—a dreary expanse of desolation.

Gladly we began the descent, and after a twelve-and-a-half hours' march we reached Zarkten, when, close to the sheikh's fortified house, we camped. How lovely the scenery seemed with its vegetation, the steep mountain-sides swathed in arrar (callitris), juniper, and pine, while here, there, and everywhere streams of water splashed and gurgled! It was a cold night though, and we were up betimes to pursue our journey. Ascending first the mountains on the east side of the valley, we presently descended to the level of the river, following its course past the ruined bridge at Tugana, until, crossing a small range of foothills, we issued on to the plain at Sidi Rehal. What a change there was! The sky for the first time was cloudy, and a few drops of heavy warm rain fell. How refreshing it was, too!

A warm night raised the spirits of all the men, added to which a large repast was sent them by the Governor of Zemran, who resides there, and far into the night we could hear them singing and laughing, while the welcome rain spluttered down on the canvas of our tents. What did we care for wet weather now! The plains and civilisation (?) were reached. There was food in plenty for the men, and barley for the animals.

It was our last night together in camp, for Kaid Maclean was proceeding on the Sultan's business to Casablanca, while I had only the thirty miles of road to cross that lay between me and Morocco city, where I intended to spend a week or two in order to recuperate my health.

The next morning we parted, and sorry I was to leave Kaid Maclean, whose kindness to me I do not know how to repay, for he found me ill and tentless and ill-treated at Taflet, and brought me back in his most comfortable camp; whereas, had it not been that fortune favoured my finding him there, and had not his own good-nature taken pity on me, I do not know how I should ever have returned, for, ill as I was, to have slept out in the open air on the cold nights we experienced could not but have proved fatal. Yet I was informed that the Moorish Government were going to send me back in the way in which I had come, i.e., on foot.

So saying good-bye we parted, and I hurried on the last stage of my journey, soon leaving Sidi Rehal, with its olive groves and its saint's tomb, far behind. On over the plains we pushed, now in bright sunshine, now in pouring rain, until at length the palm groves were reached, and a little before sunset on Dec. 5 we entered the city of Morocco.

Even now, as I think of it, a thrill of pleasure runs through me. The kindly welcome of my host, Sid Boubeker El Ghanjaoui; the hot bath; the clean clothes; the luxurious Moorish feast prepared in my honour; the comfortable bed and the fact of not having to get up in the cold dawn! Little things, it is true, but every traveller who has known the hardships of such a journey as this knows also the value of these little things. Then three weeks of rest: three weeks of alternately lounging on a divan and riding; three weeks of high living and comfort in the house of a rich and kindly Moor. Then once more on the road, this time to Saffi on the coast, where three days after leaving Morocco city I arrived safe and sound, to be kindly entertained once more by Mr. George Hunot, H.B.M. Consul. A few days later a small steamer brought me direct to Gibraltar, whence I crossed to Tangier.

My journey was over. Briefly summed up, its results are as follows: I had passed over some two hundred miles of previously untravelled route, of which I was able to make maps, as well as the photographs and sketches that have illustrated these articles; and a sojourn of nine days in the camp of his Shereefian Majesty the Sultan of Morocco, at Taflet, an oasis which previous to my visit had, as far as is known, only been twice visited or described, first by René Caillié in 1828, and secondly by Gerard Rohlfs in 1862. Two European officers were with the Sultan during his visit: namely, Kaid Maclean, Instructor-General of Troops, and Dr. Linares, a French physician attached to the Sultan's staff.

If the journey presented no great features of interest, it was at least a novel one; and though it would, I think, take a good deal to tempt me once more to visit the regions in question, yet, though my health suffered greatly from the exposure and cold, I do not regret having been. If it be that my maps and notes, which are all in competent hands, have helped a little to add to our geographical knowledge of the districts, I am more than satisfied.

THE ALBUM.

This New High-Class Art Newspaper consists of Forty Pages of Literary and Art Matter and a Sixteen-Page Supplement Every Week, price Sixpence.

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"It is not given to every work, even in these days of sumptuous illustration and many writers, to be equally excellent both in art and literature. A FIRST VOLUME of the ALBUM (Ingram Brothers) seems to fairly deserve this praise. It is modestly described on the title-page as a journal of photographs of men and women of the day, but this scarcely conveys a complete description of its contents. It is a pictorial history of the times, full of pleasant reading matter, and illustrated by full-page reproductions of photographs, leaving little or nothing to be desired in point of finish."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CHESS.

W DAVID (St. Fazans).—We fear the pieces were disturbed on your chess board, as it takes P (ch) will not solve the problem.
J W SCOTT.—The problem shall appear at an early date.
G DOUGLAS ANGAS.—Thanks for corrected diagram.
H DOBELL (Whittington).—Problems shall be examined.
P DALY (Clapham).—We fear you jump to conclusions as to what our correspondents said or did. Anyhow, we are not having a prize competition for solutions.
FRANK PROCTOR.—Thanks; it shall certainly receive attention.
A R SMITH (Lee, Mass., U.S.A.).—Q takes P does not mate on the second move, as the King goes back to his original square.
L STEVENS AND OTHERS.—There is no solution to Mr. Hind's capital problem by 1. Kt to Kt 2nd.
E J B (Slaterford).—The pressure of the holidays prevented the proof receiving its usual attention. We are sorry for the error.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2638 received from George W Wright (Tiboburra, N.S.W.); of No. 2673 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore) and R. S. Athavale (Indore); of No. 2677 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2679 from Evans (Port Hope) and Frederick R Estes (Boston, U.S.A.); of No. 2681 from T. Roberts, E. E. II, Castle Lee, J. Bailey (Newark), Captain J. A. Challie (Great Yarmouth), C. M. A. B., and W. R. Railem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2682 received from T. Roberts, T. G. Ware, E. Loudon, Shadforth, John Francis Ure, F. Waller (Luton), R. H. Brooks, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), M. Burke, W. R. Railem, G. Douglas Angus, W. J. Steele, H. Rodney, R. Worster (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), and R. F. Geeson (Hull).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2681.—By DR. F. STEINGASS.

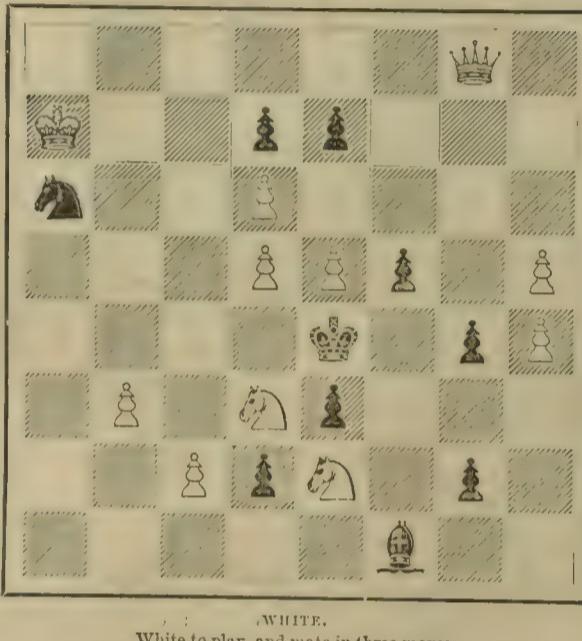
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt 6th K to Q 4th
2. Kt to B 4th (ch) K moves
3. R to Kt 4th. Mate.

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. R takes Q P; if 1. B takes Kt, 2. P takes B; and if 1. Kt takes P, then 2. R takes P (ch), K to K 5th; 3. B to Kt 2nd. Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2684.

By A. C. CHALLENGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

The two following games were played in the Hastings Tournament, the first being between Messrs. BARDELEBEN and TARRASCH.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 5th	A splendid sacrifice, which by compelling Black to lose a move with his King saves the game, as it is the only stroke on the board capable of so doing.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. K takes B	
3. B to Kt 6th	P to Q R 3rd	15. R to R 3rd	
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	This is the saving clause. White threatened Q takes P (ch), K to B 8th—Q to R 6th (ch), K to Kt 5th; Q to R 8th—Mate; but all this is now stopped. The subsequent draw is very well earned.	
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	16. K to B sq	Q takes P (ch)
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	17. R to Kt 3rd	P takes P
7. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th	18. P to Q 3rd	K R to R 3rd
8. Kt to K 2nd	B takes Kt	19. B to K 3rd	R to B 3rd
9. P takes B	Q to Q 2nd	20. R to Kt 2nd	B to K 2nd
10. P to Q R 4th		21. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to R 5th
11. P to K 4th		22. K to K 2nd	R to B 6th
12. R to K sq		23. Kt to B 5th	Q to B 3rd
13. P to K 5th		24. K to Q 2nd	R to K R 2nd
14. Kt to Kt 5th		25. Q takes P	B to B sq
15. Kt to K 2nd		26. Q to B 3rd	K to K sq
16. K to B sq		27. R (K sq) to K	Q to B 2nd
17. R to Kt 3rd		28. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to K 2nd
18. P to Q 3rd		29. Kt to R 4th	Kt to R sq
19. B to K 3rd		30. Kt to Kt 6th	Kt to B 3rd
20. R to Kt 2nd		31. Q to B 5th	Kt to Kt sq
21. Kt to Kt 3rd		32. Q takes K (ch)	K takes Q
22. K to K 2nd		33. R to K B sq	B to K 2nd
23. Kt to B 5th		24. And in a few more moves the game was drawn.	

Game played between Messrs. STEINZITZ and BARDELEBEN.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. B takes K	Kt takes B
3. B to Kt 6th	B to B 4th	14. R to K sq	
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	15. This practically settles the game. Black can now neither Castle nor free himself from his difficulties.	
5. P to Q 4th		16. P to K B 3rd	
6. P takes P	P takes P	17. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
7. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th (ch)	18. R to B sq	P to B 3rd
8. P takes P	Kt takes P	19. P to Q 5th	P takes P
9. Castles	B to K 3rd	20. Kt to Kt 4th	K to B 2nd
10. Q B to K Kt 5th		21. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd
11. B takes Kt	Q B takes B	22. R takes Kt (ch)	K to K sq
		23. R to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
		24. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R sq
		25. R takes P (ch)	Resigns.

After a magnificent fight between Messrs. Pillsbury, Tschigorin, and Lasker, the first prize in the Hastings Tournament has been won by Mr. H. N. Pillsbury; Messrs. Tschigorin, Lasker, Tarrasch, and Steinitz taking the second, third, fourth, and fifth prizes. The surprise of the contest is, of course, the position of Mr. Pillsbury, the young American master having in a bound put himself on a level with the greatest players of the day. Mr. Tschigorin worthily maintained his high reputation. Messrs. Steinitz, Tarrasch, and Gunsberg all made a bad start, from which they never recovered; others, like Messrs. Bird, Bardeleben, and Tinsley, made a good start, which they could not continue. The general quality of the play has been good, although so far as we have seen there has been no great game—such, for instance, as the ever-memorable Pollock v. Weiss in the American Tournament. In the Amateur Tournament the first prize was won by Mr. Maroczy, a Hungarian gentleman; the second and third prizes being divided between Messrs. Loman and Atkins.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Eight married ladies of social or literary position have been asked by an editor, Mr. F. Atkins, to give their views on "The Ideal Husband," and the result is published in a neat little volume. The writers have evidently been chosen to supply diversity of experience of life. They are Lady Jeune, the brilliant wife of a distinguished judge; Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter"), the popular novelist; Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, wife of the Bishop of Ripon; Mrs. Joseph Parker, the clever wife of the eminent Nonconformist minister; Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo, who, under the signature of "Edward Garrett," has impressed readers with her deep knowledge of life among the poorer classes; Mrs. Crawford, the witty and up-to-date Parisienne-English journalist; Mrs. Lynn Linton; and the present writer. Here is scope for abundant divergence of view; all possible standpoints are surely occupied. This must make the book amusing—perhaps instructive. Let us see.

Lady Jeune thinks that twenty years ago the question of how a man could be an ideal husband would have been considered an impertinence; for then the husband was so much the "lord and master of the woman, and the arbiter of his children's destinies" that "to question his wisdom was undreamed of," and "the gentle, mild, uncomplaining wife was the example of all that was beautiful and desirable." But "now all is changed"; women are not only taking up a place in professional life, but are "clamouring that men should endeavour to attain an equality of morality and purity with women." Lady Jeune seems to doubt that "we shall like him when we have got him"—this pure-lived, equality-admitting ideal; but asserts that "as many failures lie at the door of the wife as of the husband." She thinks that the ideal husband must be a busy man, so as to have no leisure to interfere with his wife at every turn; and she believes that the modern widening of the sphere of woman tends to married happiness by preventing the wife on her side fussing endlessly about her husband's doings and his demeanour towards herself. Mrs. Lynn Linton's ideal is clearly Petruchio. A husband (poor dear young man!) is to "supply his wife with an unerring rule of right," and she is to gain "that peace that the world can neither give nor take away" by submitting absolutely to his notions, because "to the man belongs the independent conception of the nobleness, the grandeur of morality," and "one of the deepest truths of life is in this phrase, 'He for God only, she for God in him.'" Mrs. Linton talks quite à la Petruchio of the contemptible position of a man "who gives his wife her head"; of the "self-dishonouring husband who allows his wife unlimited authority, with liberty to correspond": she thinks that the ideal husband is "always in a sense her master," and that women are "happiest when nobly mastered." To me, I need hardly say, all this is as degrading as it is unwise and mistaken if regarded as practical advice to the young husband who honestly wants to establish a happy fireside and to keep a loving wife. From my ideal husband I demand above all that he shall *not* be a tyrant, expecting submission to his will merely because it is his will. Then I ask of him also fidelity, in accordance with his marriage vow ("Wilt thou keep thee *on'y* unto her as long as your life shall last?") asks the priest; and the bridegroom answers "I will"), good temper and good manners at home, and a liberal provision, according to the means at disposal, for the household needs.

"John Strange Winter," as befits a novelist, is particularising rather than generalising; she wants her husband to occupy himself with a hobby, not to be shy, not to worry about domestic details, not to be cross if the dinner is bad occasionally, and to be able to eat anything that is good of its kind. Mrs. Mayo thinks "unselfishness the very basis of household joy," and truthfulness the next requisite, but her paper is rather a discussion as to what sort of young man a girl should try to secure than, as the rest of the writers have taken the question, a problem to be solved by the young husbands and wives entering on the new and untried ways of matrimony, and looking for some chart with the rocks and shoals marked by experienced mariners on the stormy sea. Mrs. Joseph Parker points out that the perfect ideal husband cannot materialise, and that the wise maiden will be content to accept a human man with some flaws and faults, trusting to the "home atmosphere to develop him" in the right way; but she postulates as needful for any chance of happiness that the husband shall be one who respects women, and "is capable of recognising the equality of the male and female element in the man whom the Lord created," and that "a common standard of purity shall be acknowledged as binding on both." Mrs. Crawford merrily suggests that if we had all one ideal, and he really existed, his tragical fate would be such that "the condition of a stag assailed after being hunted by a pack of hounds would be blissful in comparison." There are, however, as many ideals as there are variations in the leading ambitions in the minds of women of different nations and stations. Mrs. Crawford thinks that the modern tendencies to realism have helped to raise the general ideals of girls; the character sketch has helped to crowd out the novel hero, and few of the men who furnish really good materials for character sketches were ever bad husbands." She does justice to the domestic life of the French, among whom husbands and wives are so generally chosen for each other by the elders of the family rather than by the young persons themselves. Mrs. Crawford, nevertheless, thinks that "the English new girl," accustomed to go about in the world and discharging active duties, is the most likely to understand men well enough to know what she herself most desires in one, and so to obtain her own ideal husband. Finally in the little book comes the Bishop's wife, with a characteristic paper. Mrs. Boyd Carpenter declares that a bad husband generally has been made so by a bad wife; while if women claim their rights in married life they will lose their privileges. The one thing really needful, she thinks, is that the pair shall be in agreement on religious matters. I do not know how much good any young people will get out of these homilies; but at all events it is novel and interesting to see the ideas on the subject of women so diverse in position and training.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The main subject of discussion in Church circles at present is the voluntary schools. There is much speculation as to the proposals of the Government. A well-informed Liberal correspondent believes that next Session will see introduced from the Liberal benches proposals for universal Schoolboards, if it is chosen to call them so. They will control the secular education of voluntary schools, while leaving the control of the religious education to the denominational managers. It is rather difficult to understand what is the precise meaning of this. It would seem to concede all that Churchmen ask for.

The Boyle lecturer for this year is Canon Newbolt. He will deliver the lectures on the Sunday afternoons of October and November at the Church of St. Peter, Eaton Square. He is a favourite with the congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral, in which great edifice he manages to make himself clearly heard.

Two books of very great interest are announced by Messrs. Macmillan: one of them is entitled "Pascal, and Other Sermons," by Dean Church; the other is the

tower was repaired, and now the roof, the unique Norman arch, and portions of the walls are in urgent need of reconstruction.

There is still a great deal of grumbling about the appointment of Bishop Davidson to Winchester. One writer says that the Rochester clergy felt that they suffered under the double grievance — first, that the Bishop was generally ill; secondly, that when well he was constantly being sent for by the Queen, whose commands were so urgent that all spiritual work of the diocese had to give way before them. It will be generally thought that Bishop Davidson would never have accepted the diocese unless he had a well-grounded hope of being able to discharge his duties satisfactorily. Considering the ill-health of the late Bishop, it might have been hoped that a stronger man, physically, than Dr. Davidson would be selected.

It is said that the name of the Rev. C. C. Mackarness, Vicar of St. Martin's, Scarborough, has been mentioned in connection with the Leeds Vicarage. Mr. Mackarness, who has been six years at Scarborough, is the eldest son of the late Bishop of Oxford, and he is both cousin and

EARL CADOGAN, THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Ireland's new Viceroy is one of London's greatest landlords. The Right Hon. George Henry Cadogan, fifth Earl Cadogan, is fifty-five years old. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford. He had an exceedingly brief experience in the House of Commons as Conservative member for Bath in 1873, the year in which he was called to the Upper House by the death of his father. Lord Cadogan married thirty years ago Lady Beatrix Jane Craven, daughter of the second Earl of Craven, and has a family of eight children. The eldest son is Viscount Chelsea, M.P., who acted for some time as a private secretary to Mr. Balfour. Lord Cadogan has held various official positions, despite the large amount of time which is taken up by the control of his property. He was Under-Secretary for War from 1875 to 1878, and afterwards till 1880 he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies. In Lord Salisbury's second Ministry he was Lord Privy



HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CADOGAN, K.G., LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, AND HIS FAMILY AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE, PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

"Letters of the Late Dr. F. J. A. Hort," edited by his son, Dean Church's sermon on Pascal has been already published. It was one of a series delivered in St. James's, Piccadilly. It is much to be hoped that the book will contain some of his unpublished cathedral discourses. I do not yet see any announcement of the Letters of Canon Liddon.

The Chautauqua Assembly in America seems to have been more successful this year than ever, about twelve thousand people having been present. One of the entertainments is the "Question Box." A well-known divine is put in the desk, and the audience may ask him what they please. The oracle this year was the Rev. J. M. Buckley, LL.D., a Methodist Episcopalian minister. He was asked "Who was Cain's wife?" to which he replied, "The woman he married," a response which was received with applause. Another question was "What do you think of Elisha's making the iron swim?" Answer: "I think it was a very remarkable circumstance." A third poser was, "Is there such a thing as instantaneous love?" Answer: "No. If you fall in love with a physical form and nothing else, you have not the right word in your question."

The rare old Abbey Church of Croyland has been struck by lightning, and an earnest appeal is being made for funds to repair it. As fast as one part is made secure, another part needs attention. It is only three months since the

brother-in-law to the present Lord Coleridge. He was, previously to that, Vicar of Aylesbury, where he made many friends. Mr. Mackarness is a good preacher and organiser.

In order to fulfil the conditions imposed by the Bristol Bishopric Act, it is required to guarantee the payment within the next five years of the sum of £5000. An appeal is being made for the subscription of the money.

Mr. Gladstone no longer reads the lessons at the parish church at Hawarden, nor do the infirmities of advancing age permit his longer attending the daily matins. He is, however, frequently to be seen at weekday evensong, and worships regularly on Sunday mornings and evenings with children and grandchildren gathered round him. His son, the Rector of Hawarden, thus describes his attitude towards Dissenters: "Not to undermine or unsettle any outside, but to leave them to their conscience and to God, with all trust and honour. No hollow compromises. Let all follow what they believe to be true, at the same time honouring all men."

It seems a pity that the intention of some friends of the Bishop of London to present his Lordship with a portrait was made public, for it has given rise to several letters in the Press dealing unfavourably with Dr. Temple. The Bishop has never sought popularity, but of his sincerity and capacity for hard work there is no question. V.

Seal. In 1891 the Earl was created a Knight of the Garter. He is, it is interesting to remember, an Hereditary Trustee of the British Museum. One of his daughters is popular in society as Lady Lurgan.

Re-counts have not so far affected the constitution of the House of Commons. The Southampton poll has been corrected, but with no benefit to the defeated candidates. As regards the Haggerston Division of Shoreditch, Mr. John Lowles has increased his majority from thirty-one to forty, and Mr. Cremer must be sorry so much time and money have been spent with the result of placing his opponent in a more satisfactory position. The next re-count of interest will be connected with the narrow majority of one vote obtained by Mr. M. Fowler at Durham.

The arrangement by which it will be no longer imperative for Great Western trains to pause at Swindon Junction will give satisfaction to the passengers who have dark memories of trying to swallow scalding tea or soup in the brief interval of their journey. The rush for refreshments at Swindon ought to be commemorated on canvas before the scene becomes a thing of the past. They manage these "times of refreshment" better on the Continent, where the traveller is not so hurried during his meal. The system of giving timely warning five minutes before the departure of each train might well be imitated in this country.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 17, 1881), with two codicils (dated Sept. 27, 1882, and June 28, 1894), of Mr. Richard Westbrook Lamb, J.P., D.L., of West Denton, Northumberland, and 29, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, who died on April 9 at Torquay, was proved on July 30 by Major Stephen Eaton Lamb, Edmund George Lamb, and Richard Scott Lamb, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £87,243. The testator makes up the portion of his daughter, Mary Georgiana, Lady de Freyne, with what she will otherwise become entitled to, to £25,000; and he bequeaths an annuity of £20 to his old nurse, Anastasia Elliot; and £1000, free of duty, to his butler, Thomas Jones, and his wife, Catharine, or to the survivor of them if either should predecease him. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his three sons, Stephen Eaton, Edmund George, and Richard Scott, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 6, 1892) of Mr. William Page, J.P., of Southminster Hall, Essex, who died on June 22, was proved on Aug. 15 by John Page, the brother, and William Herbert Page, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,905. The testator charges his real estate with an annuity of £200 to his wife, and subject thereto devises same to his son, William Herbert. He bequeaths £100 each to his executors; £50 each to his bailiff and coachman; £200 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; his stocks and shares in the Gas Light and Coke Company and in the South Metropolitan Gas Company to his wife, for life; then as to those in the former company to his daughter Helen Kate, and in the latter company to his son; £1000 to his said daughter, and £5000, upon trust, for her; £5000 railway debenture stocks, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his daughter; and the residue of his personal estate to his son.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1884), with four codicils (dated Feb. 18, 1889; Nov. 26, 1890; July 7, 1892; and June 7, 1893), of Mrs. Phillis Lee, of 40, Westbourne Gardens, who died on July 18, was proved on Aug. 16 by Andrew Alfred Collyer-Bristow and James Tuck Withers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,835. There are many legacies to friends, executors, servants, and others, and the residuo of her property the testatrix gives to Henry Boyle Lee; but if he should predecease her, then to his three daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 5, 1895), of Mr. David Archer, J.P., D.L., of Kingsdown House, Stratton Saint Margaret, Wilts, who died on May 10, was proved on Aug. 1 by Ambrose Dennis Hussey-Freke, the Rev. Philip Maddocks, and Samuel Frank Alderson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,034. The testator gives £500, and all his linen, china, glass, books, carpets, curtains, wines, spirits, stores, horses, harness, and two carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Hamilton Archer; his pictures and oak bookcase to go as heirlooms with his real estate; his furniture and plate to his wife for life; and two or three other legacies.

All his real and leasehold estates he devises, upon trust, to pay £250 per annum to his wife for life; and subject thereto, to the use of his nephew David Archer for life, and then to his sons as he shall appoint. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to make up his wife's income to £800 per annum, and to pay the remainder of the income during her life to Samuel Frank Alderson, the son of his niece Mary Alderson. At his wife's death he bequeaths £200 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £150 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Church Missionary Society; and a few other legacies. The ultimate residuo is to be held upon trust for the said Samuel Frank Alderson for life, and then for his children as he shall by will appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1893), of Mr. John Henry Blaggrave, D.L., J.P., of Calcot Park, Reading, who died on June 23, was proved on Aug. 16 by Henry Barry Blaggrave, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,665. The testator recites that his wife, Mrs. Agnes Blaggrave, is already well provided for, and that settlements have been made on several of his daughters. He now gives £500 per annum each until marriage, and then the capital sum of £6000 each to his daughters Georgina Blaggrave and Emily Blaggrave, charged upon certain properties in the borough of Reading; £2000 each to his daughters Georgina Rachel Short and Kathleen Digby Boyle, both sums charged on properties in Reading; the villa in which she resides to his daughter Agnes Darkey Cox, for life; and his plate and other articles of a like nature to go as heirlooms with his mansion-house. His mansion-house, Calcot Park, and all his messuages, farms, lands, and hereditaments in the county of Berks, subject as to his properties in Reading, to the charges thereon in favour of his daughters, he devises to the use of his son Henry Barry, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, one after the other, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. All his freehold messuages, farms, lands, and hereditaments at Barrow Gurney and elsewhere in the county of Somerset he settles in a similar manner on his son John Gratwicke. The residuo of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Henry Barry Blaggrave.

The will (dated July 27, 1893), with two codicils (dated Jan. 4 and Nov. 27, 1894), of Miss Mary Ann Caroline Prince, formerly of 9, St. James's Square, and late of 35, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, who died on June 29, was proved on Aug. 8 by Henry Gerard Philip Hoare and Charles Ranken Vickerman Longbourne, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,035. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Rev. John Cox Edghill, D.D., Chaplain-General to H.M. Forces, or the Chaplain-General for the time being, to apply the same in building Church of England soldiers' and chaplains' rooms in connection with St. George's Church, Stanhope Lines, Aldershot, or if the same shall have been built at her death, in building similar rooms at some other garrison; £200 to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hamp-

stead; £100 to the Guards' Industrial Home, Francis Street, Vauxhall Bridge Road; her furniture and effects to her half-sister, Frances Annette Hoare; her share and interest in 35, Charles Street, to her said sister, for life, and then to her half-brother, Sir Henry Ainslie Hoare, for life; and other legacies. The residuo of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said half-sister, for life; then to pay £1000 each to the Community Fund of the Clewer House of Mercy and the Gordon Boys' Home; £500 each to the Home of the Sisters of Charity and Servants of the Poor (Bedminster), the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and the Indian Mission of St. John the Evangelist (Cowley, Oxon); and some further legacies; and the income of the remainder to her said half-brother, for life. At his death she gives eight twenty-fourths of the ultimate residuo, upon trust, for her great niece Mary Augusta Penelope Angerstein; nine twenty-fourths, upon trust, for her great niece Leila Caroline Angerstein; and seven twenty-fourths, upon trust, for her great niece Zoe Julia Angerstein.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1892), with a codicil (dated March 6, 1891), of Mr. Charles Shephard, J.P., of Beaumont House, Grange Road, Ealing, who died on July 9, was proved on July 31 by Charles Edward Shephard, Alfred James Shephard, Walter Shephard, and Beaumont Shephard, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,635. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Ealing Cottage Hospital and Provident Dispensary, and the Almshouses, Ealing Broadway; a freehold house in King Street, Kensington (or, if he shall have sold same, £3500 instead), to his sons, Alfred James, and Beaumont; £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Frances Harriett Watson; £2500 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Rebecca Liveing Woakes, and Kate Holborn; £1500 each to his sons, Charles Edward, and Walter; and other legacies to daughters, daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, grandchildren, executors, clerks, servants, and others. The residuo of his property he gives to his four sons.

The will (dated May 30, 1891), of Lieutenant-General Henry Meade Hamilton, C.B., of 26, Charles Street, St. James's, who died on July 14, was proved on Aug. 19 by Captain Hubert Ion Wetherall Hamilton, the son, and Cecil Lowry Wade, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,139. The testator makes various appointments and bequests in favour of his four sons and his daughter; and there are legacies to grandson, brother, sisters, and other relatives. The residuo of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son, Hubert Ion Wetherall, absolutely.

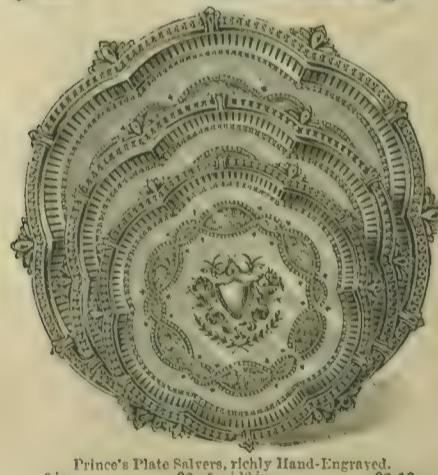
The Horse Show at Dublin, having been favoured with fine weather, attracted during the four days more than eight thousand people in excess of the total who visited the last show. The presence of a large number of tourists, who are beginning to discover the beauty of Ireland, has also had its effect on the show this year.

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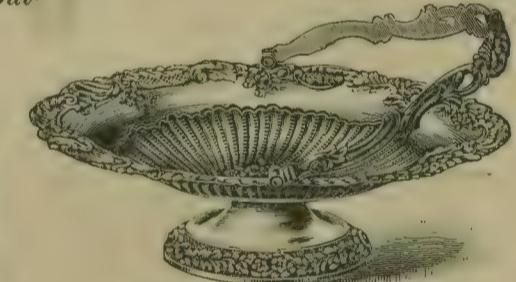


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Richly Chased Sterling Silver Fruit-Dish, oval, 10 in. long (not
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Handsome Crystal Cut Glass Claret-Jug, with massive Sterling Silver Mounts, £10 10s.



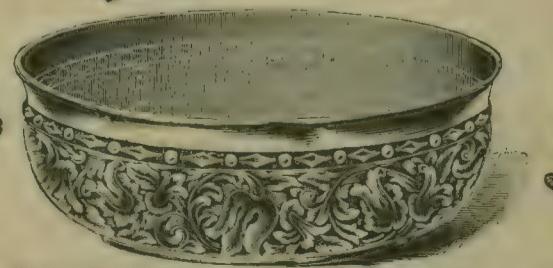
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Sterling Silver Bands, £1 10s.



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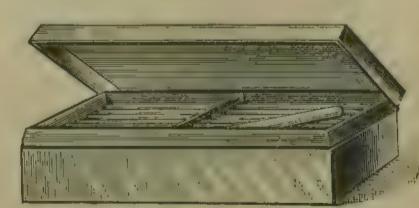


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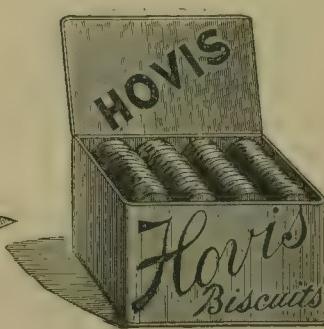
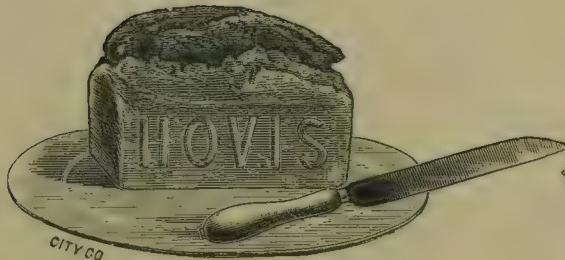
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A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.A.
"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

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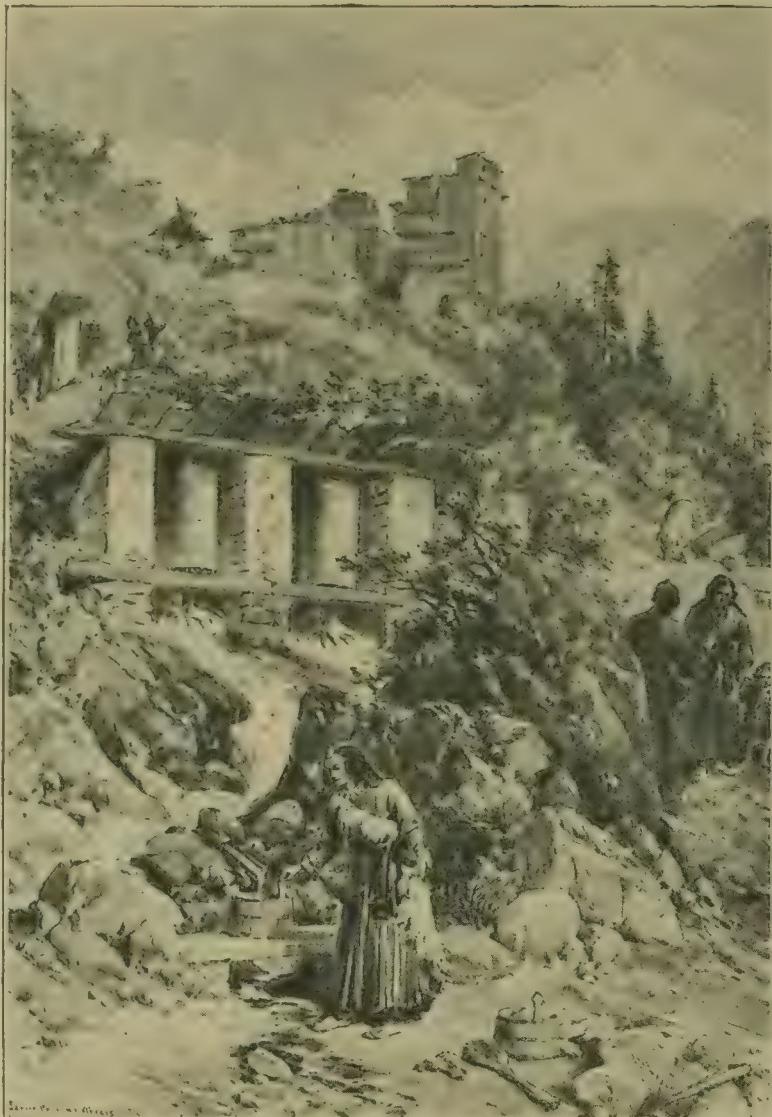
will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my name as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

BUDDHIST PRAYING-WHEELS,
TIBET.

In the Lamaseries of Tibet there are wheels on cylinders of various sizes, which are usually called "praying-wheels." Small ones are carried in the hand, and whirled as the person may sit or be walking. Some of the large ones require a crank to turn them, and in many of the villages they are propelled by having a water-wheel attached, by which means they continue the motion day and night. The term praying-wheel is not quite a correct description, as the Mantra, or sacred sentence, which is many times repeated on the cloth or paper inside, is expressive of adoration, and not that of supplication or prayer. The sacred sentence is "Om Mani Padmi, hung!" It means adoration to the Jewel on the Lotus, the Jewel being Buddha, who is generally represented as sitting or standing on a lotus-throne. There is nothing else in these cylinders, however large they may be, than the repetition of these words. The oftener this sentence is uttered by the mouth, or the wheels containing them are turned, the greater is the merit earned by the performer. The picture by our well-known artist was drawn on the spot, and Mr. Simpson has thus once more supplied us with an accurate and interesting record of a scene not familiar to the general traveller.

"THE SWORDSMAN'S DAUGHTER."

On Saturday night, when performed for the first time, the new piece at the Adelphi appeared to be somewhat long; the plot seemed to contain hardly material enough for four substantial acts. This, however, was not so much because the dialogue overlaid the action, as because the actors took the piece too slowly. Probably by this time the drama plays more closely, and, if so, it will be all the more acceptable. And, in any case, there is no doubt about its success with the public. The verdict of the large majority was, from the first, in its favour. It comes as a pleasant change. Life-boats, of course, have been launched before now upon the Adelphi stage, and upon the same boards fathers have before now slain the destroyers of their daughters' innocence. But, apart from that, "The Swordsman's Daughter" has several elements of freshness. In adapting it from a Porte-St-Martin play by MM. Mary and Grisier, Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Clement Scott have judiciously retained the French characterisation and locale. The scene is laid on the Normandy coast and in a Parisian "school



BUDDHIST PRAYING-WHEELS, DRIVEN BY WATER, TIBET.—W. SIMPSON, R.I.
Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

of arms"; and in the pictures of a life-boat's "christening" and of elaborate fencing-bouts, each marked by praiseworthy accuracy of detail, we have agreeable novelties, which in themselves will commend the work

fifth year it seems a fitting time to recognise his long services. The Leader of the House of Commons writes briefly but effectively on behalf of this idea, and there is no doubt it will be warmly supported.

A beautiful east window from the studios of Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich and London, has lately been placed in the parish church of Stonechurch, Bucks. The subjects represented are the "Nativity," "Crucifixion," and "Ascension."

The death has recently been announced of M. Sauria, who invented matches made of chlorate of potassium, phosphorus, and sulphur. The veteran scientist, who was eighty-four years old, applied to the French Government ten years ago for some reward for his useful discovery, and was granted the small privilege of a license to sell tobacco. In one way such an employment was fitting for one whose invention had so intimate a relation to smoking.

The unfamiliar signature of "Arthur James Balfour, Captain," is appended to a letter suggesting a testimonial to Tom Morris, whose name is held in high honour wherever golfers congregate. For a quarter of a century Tom Morris has been green-keeper of the Links of St. Andrews, and now that he is in his seventies,

it seems a fitting time to recognise his long services. The Leader of the House of Commons writes briefly but effectively on behalf of this idea, and there is no doubt it will be warmly supported.

THE FAVOURITE PRESCRIPTION OF DOCTORS FOR
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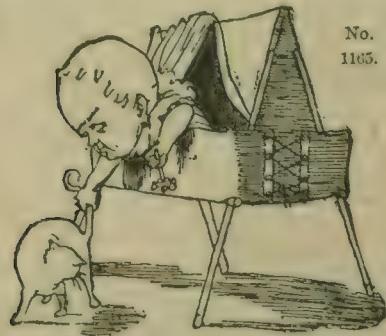


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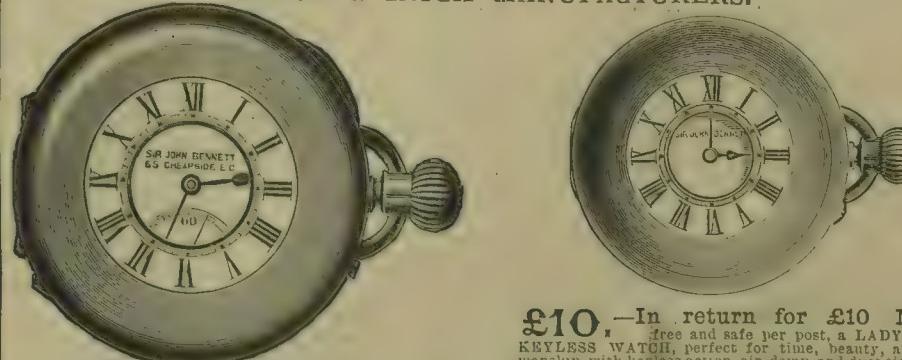


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This newly invented Cot is strong and simple, easily taken to pieces and put together again, packs into a small compass, and weighs from 11 to 15 lb. The canvas is in one piece, which is stretched on to a frame, forming such an easy, pliable bed that a mattress is not needed.

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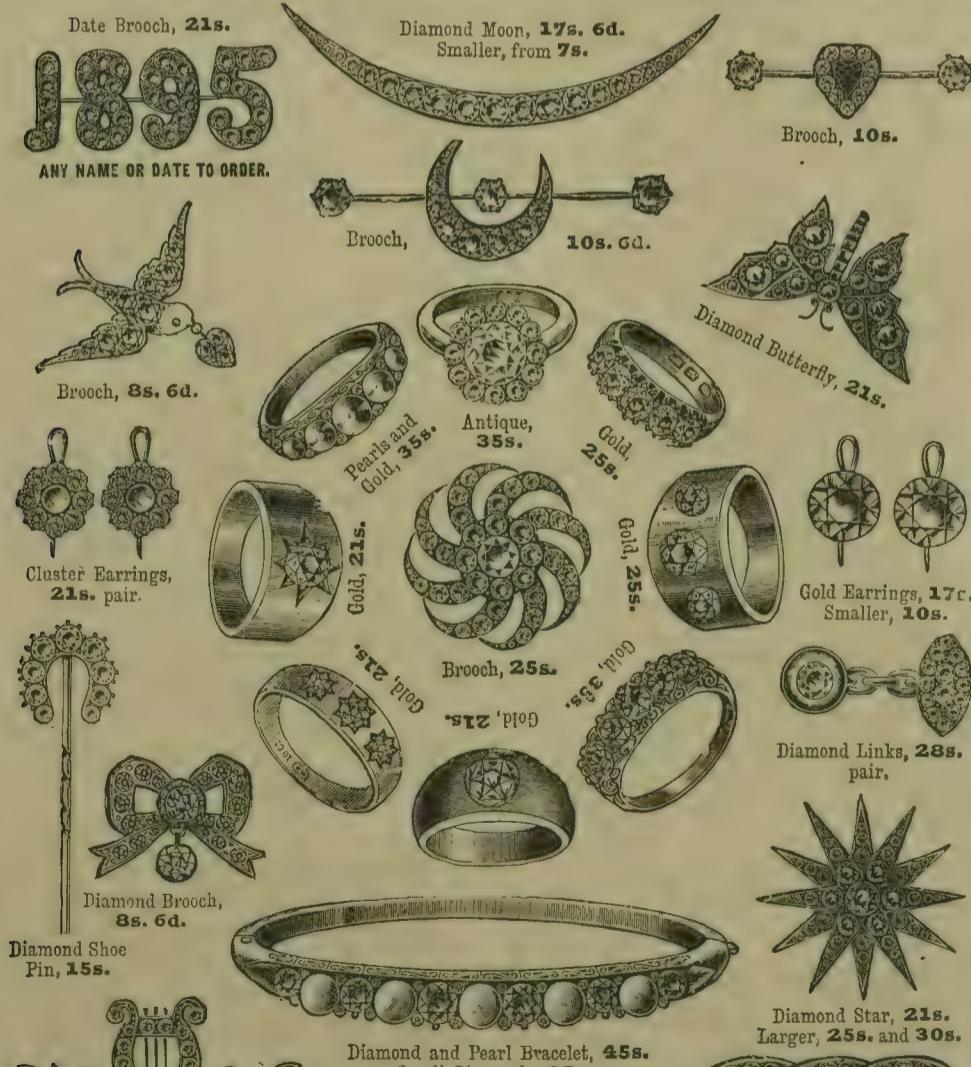
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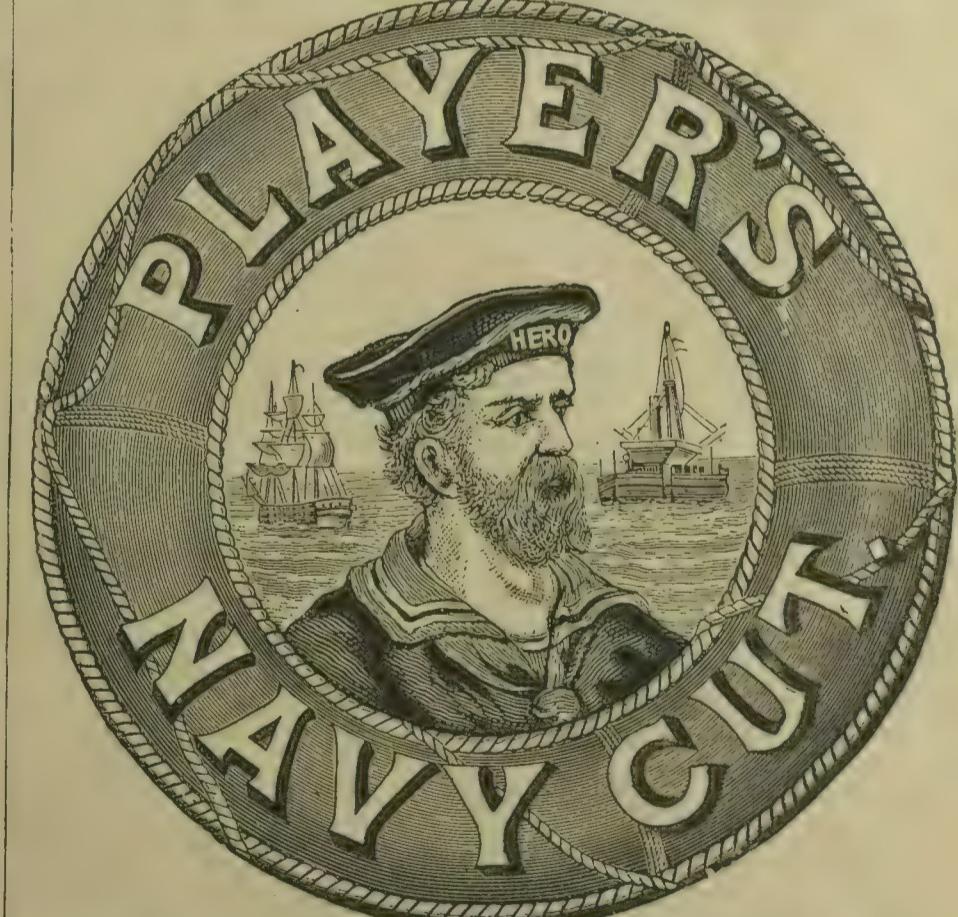
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A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The September reviews cannot be called sprightly. The General Election has scarcely inspirited the politicians, for the victors do not know what to make of their victory, and the vanquished—witness Mr. James Annand in the *New Review*—have not yet taken heart of grace. Mr. Traill tells us in the *Fortnightly* that Lord Salisbury's policy is, or ought to be, restfulness at home and vigour abroad. Nothing, in Mr. Traill's opinion, needs to be done in the way of legislation; and I suppose that is why the Government have promised another Irish Land Bill for next year. *Blackwood* says little about foreign policy, but urges "social amelioration." I don't know precisely what that means, but evidently its meaning is not Mr. Traill's meaning. Mr. Traill pairs the "ambitious friends" of the Government with their "malicious enemies." These are unkind concatenations, especially when Mr. Sidney Low, in the *Nineteenth Century*, blandly proposes such a Constitutional revolution as the creation of a Foreign Affairs Committee, to take foreign policy out of Lord Salisbury's personal control. Mr. Low has made some pregnant suggestions of reform in more than one department of public administration; and he argues his present case with much force and shrewdness. Parliament and the country, he says, have a wholly inadequate control of foreign affairs; but it may be doubted whether a Committee of both Houses, representatives of both the great parties, and deliberating in secret, would make any considerable change in this respect. Such a Committee, wrapt in mystery, and irresponsible either to the Ministry of the day or to Parliament, would scarcely accord with popular ideas of

natural authority. However, here is an "ambitious friend" of Lord Salisbury, who is by no means ready to "rest and be thankful" with Mr. Traill. If Radicals are not much comforted by Mr. Annand's explanation of their recent discomfiture, perhaps they will be cheered by *Blackwood's* prediction that they "will rise like Satan from the abyss."

Mr. Justice Ameer Ali is, I presume, an administrator of the law in India. He ought to have better ideas of logic and the value of evidence than appear in his *Nineteenth Century* article in reply to the *Quarterly Review*. As a Moslem Mr. Justice Ameer Ali has a perfect right to maintain that in principle his religion is as good as Christianity; but the practical point is whether the Moslem religion, as interpreted by Turkish Pashas, recognises the equality of Moslem and Christian before the law. This champion of Islam dismisses the Armenian troubles as merely the feuds between savage Armenians and savage Kurds; it has not occurred to him that the Ottoman rule in Asia is incompetent and corrupt. To cite the Koran on religious tolerance as an answer to the case against Moslem fanaticism is as relevant as to argue that all would be well in the Sultan's dominions if the Sultan were only left to disregard his obligations in peace. I hope the court over which Mr. Justice Ameer Ali presides is managed with a keener apprehension of essential facts than distinguishes his confidence in the virtue and capacity of Turkish officials. A quaint turn to a recent controversy is given in the *Fortnightly* by Herr Friedrich Nietzsche. Readers of Max Nordau know he assails Nietzsche as the worst example of modern degeneracy. Wagner and Ibsen are bad enough, but Nietzsche is the very paragon

of decadent imbecility. Well, the article in the *Fortnightly* is an attack on Wagner from Nordau's point of view; it was written in 1888, and it is published now, to all appearance, as a fragment of a larger work. Nietzsche's test of good music is it does not make him "sweat." He is cool when listening to "Carmen," but perspires horribly in "Parsifal." Wagner is a decadent, a disease, a rattle-snake that fascinates the very young. His music is "gymnastics of the loathsome on the rope of enharmonics." All this is in Nordau's own view, and as it anticipates him by seven years the retort is perfect. In the *Contemporary* Mr. Stead writes with point and vigour on the American Jingoists who hold that the Monroe doctrine makes it intolerable to a free-born American citizen for the British Government to maintain the rights of British Guiana against the Republic of Venezuela. Mr. Stead quotes some diverting twaddle from the Jefferson Bricks who fancy that a British colony in South America is amenable to public opinion in the United States. All goes well until Mr. Stead favours us with his remedy for the Monroe doctrine. It is that Englishmen shall make the Fourth of July a national festival! Mark Twain, who is, I understand, the author of the romance about Joan of Arc in *Harper's*, has turned the Maid of Orleans into a Yankee damsel. The imaginary chronicler of Joan's history describes her as "all broken up" when somebody excites her mirth; and we are also told how "the boys" amused themselves in the French camp. To some fastidious readers this may be rather staggering in the way of anachronism, but O, the chaste diction of Hartford, Connecticut! *Harper's* has also an interesting paper by Mark Twain on "Mental Telegraphy," which ought to interest Mr. Stead

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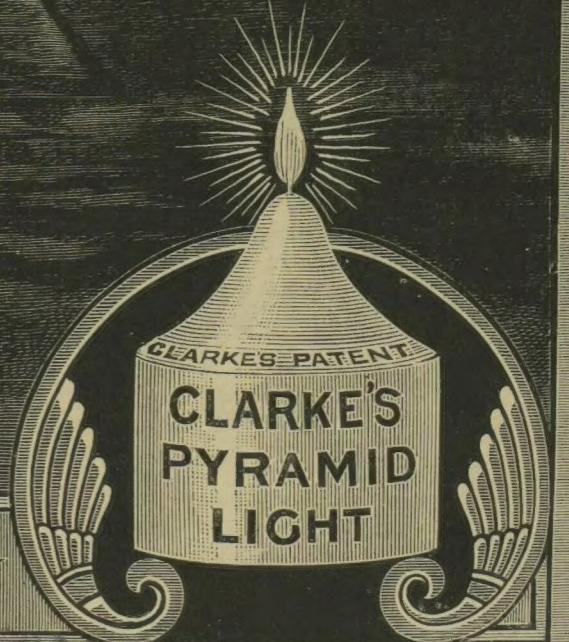
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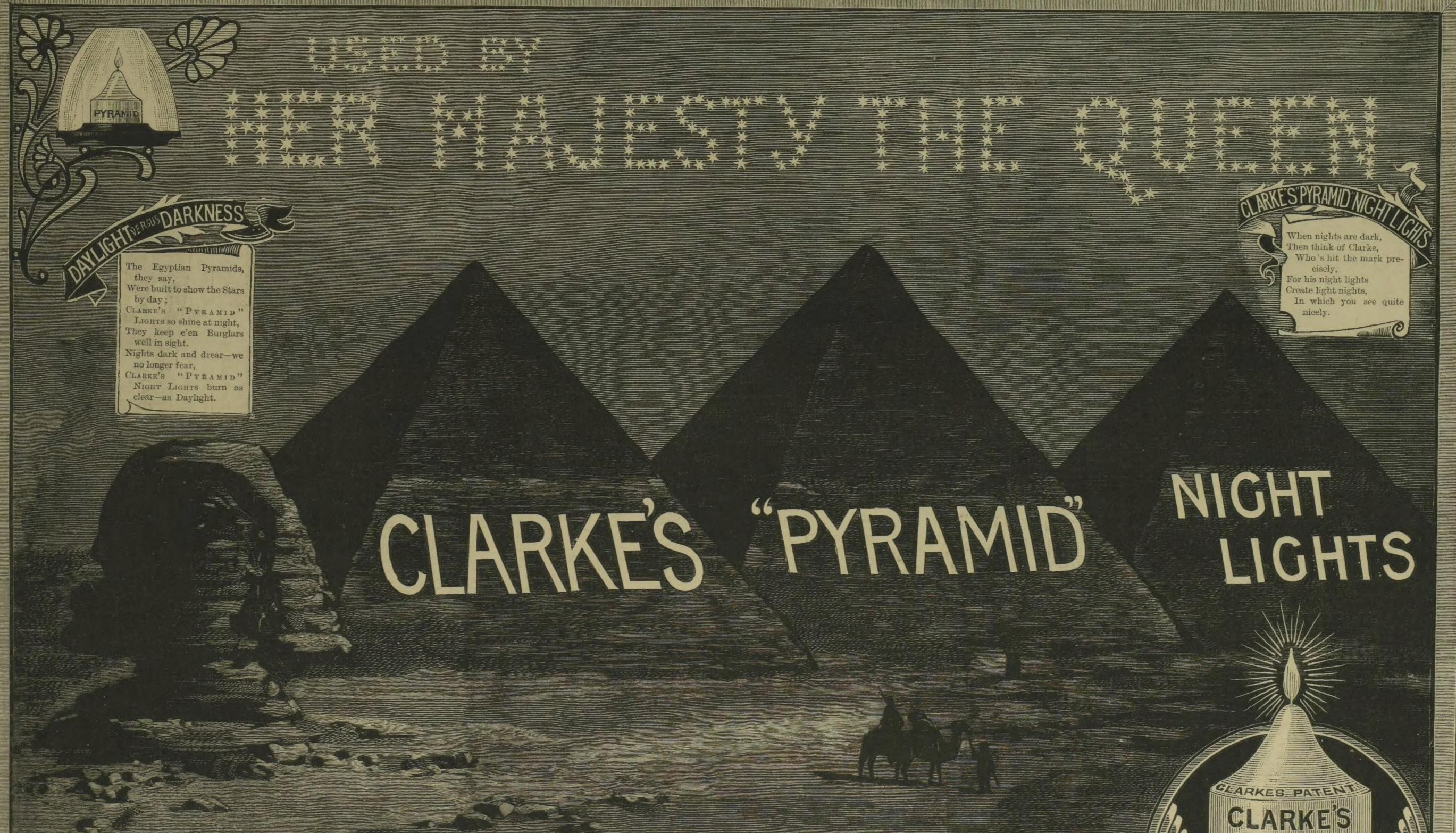
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and Mr. Andrew Lang. The curious hint to the brain, and sometimes to the eye, of the propinquity of people who have not yet arrived is illustrated by some striking cases. Most of them may be dismissed as coincidences, but coincidence is the accepted commonplace for the inexplicable.

There is a distinct flavour of Stevenson's humour in the "Fables" in *Longman's*, though they may give a shock to orthodox persons who think that outside of orthodoxy human nature is the property of the evil spirits. In the *Century* Mr. Soames's history of Napoleon impresses me more and more as the ablest estimate of the Napoleonic régime. In the same magazine are some curious reminiscences of the Tuilleries in the heyday of the Third Napoleon, written by a lady who thought it extremely shocking for Princesse Mathilde to appear at a fancy-dress ball as an Egyptian woman, with her complexion dyed brown. In *Scribner* there is a history of American politics for twenty-five years, from which I learn that Roscoe Conkling, one of America's remarkable men, thought "The boy stood on the burning deck" the highest flight of poetry. The *Pall Mall Magazine* has a pretty story by Mr. Mallock. "Miss de Maupassant," in the *New Review*, appears to be a satire on what Mrs. Lynn Linton, in her customary scream in the *National Review*, calls "literary Monads." Miss de Maupassant is a beautiful creature who writes a bold bad novel which she has literally cribbed from an obscure French author. The moral is not

very clear; nor do I see the point of Mrs. Clifford's "In Case of Discovery" in the *Fortnightly*. A lady who, to save her life, is forced to become custodian of jewels stolen from "one of her friends," would scarcely hesitate to inform the police as soon as she hears that the burglar is in custody. The *English Illustrated* is full of readable matter, including a bright little paper by Mr. Robert Ganthon, who was one of Mr. Gladstone's fellow-passengers on the *Tantallon Castle*. L. F. AUSTIN.

It was quite refreshing to see such a large audience on the "Wagner night" at Mr. Newman's Promenade Concerts in Queen's Hall. Save four items, the long programme was devoted to selections from the works of the great German composer. The orchestra gave an extremely fine rendering of the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," and the overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Mr. Wood, as conductor, was an interesting contrast to M. Nikisch, who recently gave us his idea of how the celebrated "Tannhäuser" overture should be played; frankly, we preferred Mr. Wood's reading. The soloists were Mr. Watkin Mills, fresh from his success in America, who sang "Wahn! wahn!" with every evidence of conscientious study; Miss Gertrude Izard, who warbled Senta's ballad sweetly; and Mr. Lloyd Chandos, who delighted the audience (which included Sir Joseph Barnby, the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, where he studied) with Siegmund's love-

song. There were other praiseworthy features of a very pleasant concert.

An interesting discussion appears in the new number of the *Agricultural Magazine* as to the ethics of exhibiting birds at shows. There is a balance of opinion as to whether birds suffer by transit and by the unavoidable neglect occasioned by sending them to exhibitions. Mr. H. R. Fillmer says: "Personally, I was never an enthusiastic exhibitor. I always dispatched my birds to the show in fear of their lives, and rejoiced greatly over them on their return. Now I have resolved to exhibit no more, and am fully persuaded that my resolution is a right and wise one." On the other hand, Mr. W. H. Betts says, from his wide experience, that "the good which comes from Cage-Bird Shows is of the highest value, and deserves unprejudiced appreciation among those who had opinion among aviculturists." Mr. Septimus Perkins holds that "it is by no means always the best bird that wins." Probably one result of this difference as to the value and advisability of cage-birds being exhibited may lead to better arrangements being made at shows, which undoubtedly give much pleasure to the public.

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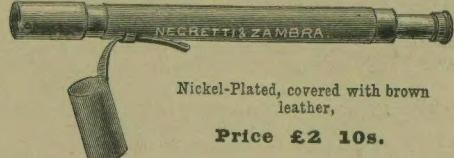
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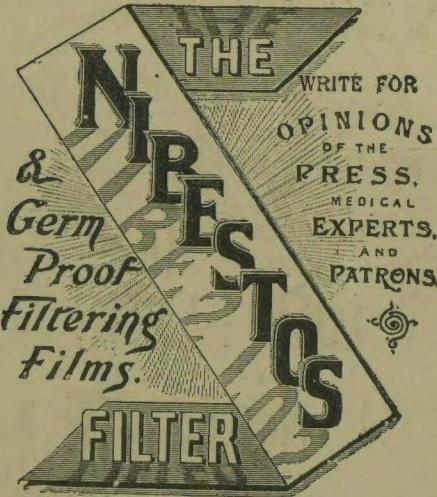
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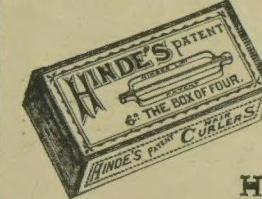
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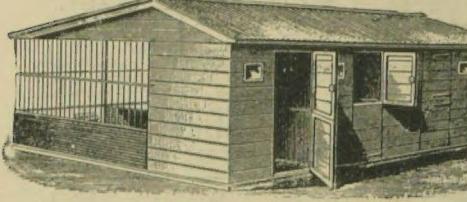
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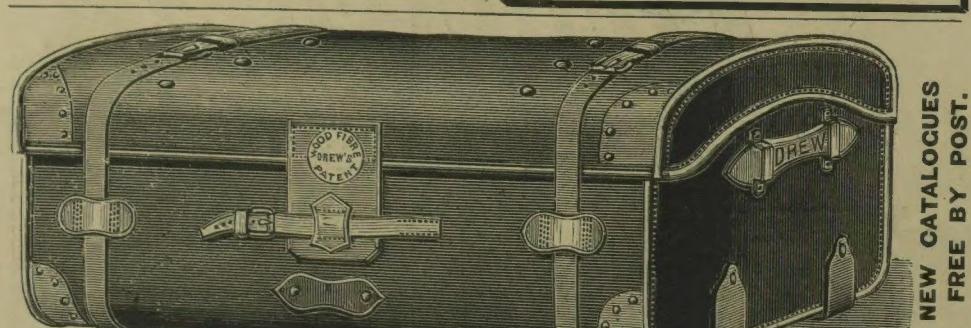
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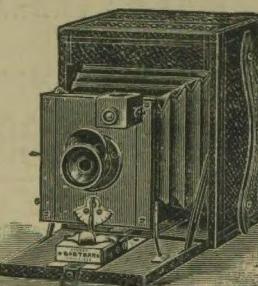
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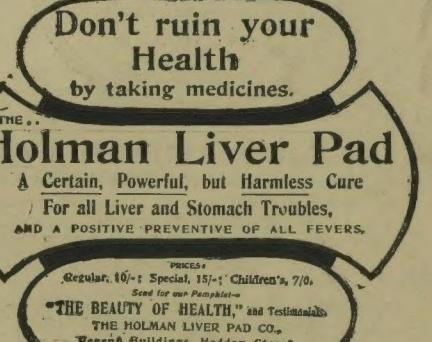
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